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The CRITIC for JANUARY 1, 1859 (No. 443) will be accompanied by a PORTRAIT of

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THE CRITIC, December 11, 1858.

From a Photograph by MR. CLARKINGTON of Regent Street.



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DAY OF PUBLICATION.

TO accommodate the Country trade, and to facilitate transmission to the provinces, THE CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications, Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current number.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

THE past week has been unaccountably dull, so far as regards the appearance of any novelty in literature. A swarm of small books and booklings—Christmas annuals, as fragile and as fleeting as the tenderest flowers of summer—continue to be issued from the Row; but the great books of the season have not appeared. Among the pamphleteers, of whom (scarcely the reassembling of Parliament from afar) there is a goodly host, HENRY DRUMMOND, Esq., M.P., in his letter to JOHN BRIGHT, has earned a crown, certainly not of laurel. Of exciting topics in other directions there are many. London is gay and busy with the rumours of the coming pantomimes and the presence of that distinguished crowd of bucolicals who haunt her streets about the season of the Christmas Cattle Show. Cambridge is agitated about a new form of the "Town and Gown" row, and the merits and demerits of Police-Constable KERBYSHIRE. Paris is not talking, and seems not much to care about M. DE MONTALEMBERT and his right to be heard in appeal. Everywhere there is agitation and movement, except in Paternoster-row.

THE letter of the Society of Arts on behalf of the scheme for an Industrial Exhibition in 1861 seems to have elicited nothing but opposition and dissent. No argument in favour of the scheme is attempted in this document; but if by that it is meant to be suggested that none is required, we imagine that the Council of the Society of Arts will find themselves grievously mistaken. Mr. DILKE's argument in favour of the scheme, in his opening address, did little but refer to the French precedents, from which it was shown that periodical exhibitions attracted a progressively greater number of exhibitors. That is so, no doubt; yet it does not follow that the best men will choose to enter into competition upon every occasion, and the result might be that at each successive exhibition the prize would be awarded to a worse quality of work. Besides this, the periodical exhibitions which were so successful in France were national exhibitions only, and cannot therefore be considered as being in the same category with competitions at which a large portion of the exhibitors come quite unprotected by any law of international copyright.

A MUNIFICENT gift has accrued to the University of Cambridge through the generosity of the representatives of the late Rev. RICHARD SHEEP-SHANKS, Fellow of Trinity College, who have offered to give 10,000*l.* stock, Three per Cent. Consols, for the promotion of the science of Astronomy in the University. In the letter communicating this proposal, it has been stipulated that the fund shall be available for the establishment of an astronomical exhibition in Trinity College; for the promotion of the science of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge; and for rendering efficient the Cambridge Observatory for the benefit of astronomy, or of terrestrial magnetism or meteorology, or of such other sciences as usually are or may be continuously followed in an observatory.

The scheme for applying the fund is further developed in all its details, and they appear to be admirably well calculated for carrying the scheme of the generous donors into effect. It is impossible to laud too highly this conduct on the part of the representatives of a worthy gentleman and ac-

complished astronomer. The labours of Mr. SHEEP-SHANKS himself in the cause of astronomy form of themselves a fitting monument to his memory; but this act of generosity on the part of his representatives gives an added brightness to what was already illustrious.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has made two very notable appearances before the public during the last few days, and both of them very much to his honour. On Saturday evening last he appeared at a public dinner held at the Castle Hotel, Coventry, to receive a valuable gold watch from the citizens of Coventry, as a mark of gratitude to Mr. DICKENS for a reading given, about a twelvemonth since, in aid of the funds of the Coventry Institute. This kindly acknowledgment of valuable service was received by Mr. DICKENS in the spirit of appreciation which it called for.

The other appearance of our great novelist was at Manchester on the preceding day, when he was called upon to preside over the annual meeting of the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire. Mr. DICKENS's opinions against the popular form of Mechanics' Institutions have long been announced; and it was a tribute therefore to the efficiency of this that he presided over its anniversary. He had been but too well acquainted with Mechanics' Institutes, he said. They generally took the name of the mechanic most grievously in vain, for you usually see a mechanic and a dodo in the place together; but a slight acquaintance with this particular institution speedily convinced him that this was by no means the old story. After recapitulating various points of interest in the working of the institution, Mr. DICKENS mentioned some of the cases which best testified to the effects which it produce.

There are two poor brothers from near Chorley, who work from morning to night in a coal pit, and who in all weathers have walked eight miles a night, three nights a week, to attend the classes, in which they have gained distinction. There are other two poor boys from Bollington, who began life as piercers at a shilling and eighteen-pence a week, and the father of one of whom was cut to pieces by the machinery at which he worked, but not before he had himself founded the institution in which this son has since come to be taught. These two poor boys have taken the second-class prize in chemistry. There is a plasterer from Bury, sixteen years of age, who took a third-class certificate last year at the hands of Lord Brougham, and who has exerted himself so strenuously since, that he is this year again successful in a competition three times as severe. There is a waggon maker from the same place, who knew little or absolutely nothing until he was a grown man, and who has learned all he knows, which is a great deal, in the local institution. There is a chain maker in very humble circumstances, and working hard all day, who walked six miles a night, three nights a week, to attend the classes, in which he has won a famous place. There is a moulder in an iron foundry, who, while he was working twelve hours a day before the furnace, got up at four o'clock in the morning to learn drawing. "The thought of my lads," he writes, in his modest account of his work, "in their peaceful slumbers above me gave me fresh courage; and I used to think that if I should never receive any personal benefit, I might instruct them when they came to be of an age to understand the mighty machines and engines which have made our country, England, pre-eminent in the world's history." There is a piecer at mule frames, who could not read at eighteen, who is now a man of little more than thirty, who is the sole support of an aged mother, who is arithmetical teacher in the institution in which he himself was taught, who reports of himself that he made the resolution never to take up a subject without keeping to it, and who has kept to it with such an astonishing will, that he is now well versed in Euclid and in algebra, and is the best French scholar in Stockport. The drawing classes in that same Stockport are taught by a working blacksmith, and his pupils will receive the highest honours of to-night. To pass from the successful candidates to the delegates from local societies, and to content myself with one instance, there is among their number a most remarkable man, whose history I have read with feelings that I could not adequately express under any circumstances, and least of all when I know he hears me—who worked when he was a mere baby at handloom weaving until he dropped from fatigue, who began to teach himself as soon as he could earn five shillings a week; who is now a botanist, and acquainted with every production of the Lancashire valleys; who is now a naturalist, who has made and preserved a collection of the eggs of British birds, and stuffed the birds; who is a conchologist, with a very curious, and, in some respects, original collection of fresh-water shells; who has also collected and preserved the mosses of fresh waters and of the sea; who is worthy

the president of his own local literary institution, and who was at his work this time last night as foreman in a mill.

MR. MILNER GIBSON's speech at Ashton, on the repeal of the paper duty, is not without force at the present juncture. Mr. Gibson has laboured hard at the cause, and will not desert it now that the work is well-nigh done. No one understands better than Mr. Gibson the springs and hinges of the paper duty argument; and whenever the victory is won, as sooner or later it must be, to him will a large portion of the credit belong.

Could anything (said he, with great justice) be more monstrous than that they should be voting money for schools on the one hand, and at the same time allowing a tax on the books used in the schools for the purpose of instruction? The paper duty was imposed by Queen Anne, with the avowed object of preventing the circulation of cheap publications; but there was this absurdity in it: it was an instruction to the committee of the House of Commons that imposed the duty, that with the view to the encouragement of learning there should be a remission of the duty on all books in the Latin, Greek, Oriental, and Northern languages. Could it be conceived that in the nineteenth century the tax was remitted on the Greek and Latin books printed at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and that it was put on the artisan's primer and school-books? And yet we avowed ourselves to be anxious to extend knowledge and promote education amongst the working classes! He never yet could get one clergyman or bishop to say a word in favour of the repeal of the paper duty. They would quarrel over the forms of religion to be taught in the schools, but turn a deaf ear to a scheme which appeared to him (Mr. Gibson) calculated to deserve the support of all parties, because it would enable the working classes to educate themselves. When he went on a deputation to the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis, with respect to this tax, he (Mr. Gibson) inquired whether English was not a Northern language, and, if not, what the term meant. He was told that it meant Russian; so that an Englishman might print and circulate as many books in Russian as he pleased, and pay no paper-duty; but if he printed a book in his native English, then came the excise-man and claimed and received his three-halfpence in the pound. He hoped he had the support and approbation of his constituents in his endeavour to repeal this obnoxious tax.

WILLIAM HUNT,

THE water-colour painter, was born in London, at No. 8, Bolton-street, St. Giles's (since called Endell-street), in 1790. His father was engaged in the japanning business. The life of a man like William Hunt presents little that can occupy the attention of the public except his pictures. One of those glorious exceptions to that rule which accords idleness to genius as a privilege, few men have worked harder or more perseveringly in their generation than Mr. Hunt, and none have borne with greater modesty the fame and the more solid advantages which his merits have procured for him. From any attempt to enumerate all the marvellous gems of water-colour painting which Mr. Hunt has produced we are absolutely precluded by lack of space. A list of the principal ones will be given presently; but for the present it is sufficient to observe that, although all his works exhibit the minutest care in their execution, he is perhaps one of the most prolific painters alive.

We need hardly inform our readers that the class of subjects usually selected by Mr. Hunt is of the humblest and most natural description. Fruit and flowers, little cottage girls and boys, life in the fields and villages, quaint bits of humour in that kind (like the well-known pair of "Before" and "After Dinner")—such are the subjects in which Mr. Hunt revels, and which he loves to brighten by the glory of his genius. When an adverse critic said to Turner, "I never saw anything like that in nature," the great painter replied, "No; but don't you wish you could?" The answer was deep and full of meaning; for it indicated how much farther is the sight of the true artist when he looks upon the commonest thing that is than the vision of another man. And so it is that William Hunt has contrived to get a great fame—second to that of none in his degree—merely by reproducing to us, and that in a branch of art much neglected before his time, the most familiar objects.

When Mr. Hunt began his career, water-colour painting (as we have already intimated) was not regarded so highly as it is at present. Under the reign of West and of Shee, no man could be a great painter who did not paint upon canvas and in oil colours, laying it on thick with a big

brush. This axiom in art appears never to have been totally eradicated from the mind of the Academicians of the present day; for they can scarcely be said to number a water-colour painter among them, unless indeed a miniature painter may be so called. Yet who among all that august body can presume to call himself the superior of William Hunt? How many can justly claim to be his equals?

Long before the term pre-Raphaelitism was invented, Mr. Hunt had accomplished much which the young members of the new school have since arrogated to themselves. He is indeed, and always has been, a pre-Raphaelite—minus the faults of the sect. Mr. Ruskin, the prophet of the new art-religion, writes of Mr. Hunt in terms of highest eulogy, lauding him especially as one of the greatest of colourists.

When the *Grande Exposition* of 1855 opened the eyes of Parisian artists to the astounding fact—of which up to that time they had been in ignorance—that we have great painters in England, the water-colour part of the collection especially excited their astonishment, and none more so than the drawings of Mr. Hunt, who was well represented by eleven capital specimens. Théophile Gautier, who, with all his sciolism and pretence of learning, has a potent voice upon the French press, was loud in his praise; and even Planche, the sternest, most difficult, and most incorruptible of critics, was pleased to give strong signs of approval. Mr. Hunt received the third-class medal at this exhibition, the highest honour which he was capable of receiving as a water-colour painter.

Mr. Hunt is a member of the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours, and of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Amsterdam—so that foreign Royal Academies delight to honour him, though ours do not. He is yet in the full vigour of his genius; and we trust that he may long be spared to fill the world with things of beauty that are, indeed, "joys for ever."

LIST OF PICTURES, by W. HUNT, exhibited at the Paris Exhibition:

1031. Girl with Basket of Flowers ..	W. Sheepshanks, Esq.
1032. The Attack ..	"
1033. The Victory ..	"
1034. Grapes and Plums ..	S. Maw, Esq.
1035. Primroses and Bird's Nest ..	"
1036. Roses ..	"
1037. Hare and Woodpeckers ..	"
1038. Diffidence ..	"
1039. The Ballad Singer ..	L. Pocock, Esq.
1040. The Cricketer ..	C. Birch, Esq.
1041. A Frosty Morning ..	"

Exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition:

WATER COLOURS.	
518. Fruit ..	E. Gambart, Esq.
519. Mulatto Girl ..	W. Leaf, Esq.
520. Interior at Hastings ..	"
521. Preparing for the Soirée ..	A. Hall, Esq.
522. The Ballad Singer ..	J. Fallows, Esq.
523. Consulting the League ..	"
524. The Orphans ..	J. Hick, Esq.
525. The Laboratory ..	Jacob Bell.
526. The Attack ..	G. W. Moss, Esq.
527. The Defeat ..	"
528. Fruit, Grapes, Apricots, &c. ..	"
529. Too Hot ..	C. Langton.
530. Girl with Pitcher ..	"
531. Devotion ..	J. J. Jenkins.
532. Apple Blossoms, Cowslips, and Bird's Nest ..	J. Platt.
533. Grapes, Peaches, &c. ..	R. Freeland.
534. Lady in a Corridor ..	Thos. Birchall.
535. Girl at Work in a Chamber ..	R. Freeland.
536. Too much Play ..	Hon. E. Phipps.
537. Too much Work ..	"
538. Devotion ..	J. Dillon.
539. Good Dog ..	"
540. Devotion ..	F. D. P. Astley.
541. Grandfather's Boots ..	T. Griffith.
542. Plums ..	T. Wrigley.
543. Fruit ..	T. Robinson.
544. Stable Boy ..	C. Oddie.
545. An Itinerant ..	F. W. Topham.

In the Sheepshanks Gallery:

310. A Coast Guardsman. In full equipment, armed with cutlass, pistol, musket, &c.	"
311. Boy and Goat. A boy, leaning against a fragment of a wall, holds a goat by a cord.	"

These lists include the greater portion of his best, or rather most popular, paintings.

Some of these have been copied in chromolithography; and the well-known "Bird's Nest" and "Primroses," reproduced in this manner, are among the examples selected by the Department of Art for circulation in their school as specimens of colour. Not many of his pictures have been engraved; but a capital pair, "Attack" and "Defeat," are popular wherever true humour is enjoyed.

In 1841 Messrs. Graves published a large engraving by Charles Turner of Mr. Hunt's picture, "The Hair-dresser," in the possession of Lady Rolle. It is a young clown on a high stool in the shop of the village barber, having his hair cut. The old barber doggedly combs and clips the rough locks, aware of the impatience of his customer, whilst the young gentleman in smock frock and hobnail boots bows his head and submits to the tedium and bore of the novel operation as quietly as he can, whiling the time by intent examination of his upturned toes. The shop is a good humble interior, its uses fully indicated by one or two accessories, not filled with a host of suggestive utensils and furniture.

In 1844 Messrs. Graves published a large folio of twenty-one lithographs, each from a picture by Mr. Hunt. These were:

1. Adam's Pale Ale.
2. The First Cigar—Aspirant to Fashion.
3. The First Cigar—Used up.
4. Rival Artists—Natural genius.
5. Rival Artists—Mechanical genius.
6. A Poser—Embryo Chancellor of the Exchequer.
7. Too Hot—A regular blow-out.
8. Master James Crow—Out of his element.
9. Miss Jerima Crow—A West Indian Cinderella.
10. The Pet Pig.
11. Domestic Felicity, or the Modern Whittington.
12. A Young Shaver—Giving himself (h)airs.
13. Astonishment.
14. The Corn Question, or the Puzzled Politician.
15. All Fours—Candidates for Crockford's Club.
16. Master Izaak Walton—Eyeing a bite.
17. How are you?—A youth not easily done.
18. The Pet Lamb, or Rustic Affection.
19. The Gleaner.
20. Cymon and Iphigenia.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

RAWLINSON'S HERODOTUS.

The History of Herodotus. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford; assisted by Col. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. WILKINSON, F.R.S. Vol. III. London: John Murray.

HAD Herodotus's history been originally written in English, we verily believe that it would have been a greater favourite with schoolboys than even "Robinson Crusoe," or "The Pilgrim's Progress;" but, written as it is in the most charming dialect of the most beautiful language that ever existed, it has won for itself, perhaps in a greater degree than almost any other book extant, the more matured but not more genuine love of the universal brotherhood of scholars. Some, indeed, have tempered this love in no small degree with pity. They have admitted the happy animation, and the child-like, simple-hearted tenderness of our historian; they have done full justice to his wonderful powers of dialogue, and to the inimitable beauty of his language; but they have done all this as it were under protest—as half regretting that such a hotch-potch of fact and fiction should have been enshrined in a setting so marvellously beautiful. And, in fact, this very juxtaposition of supposed invention and ascertained truth has, naturally perhaps, given dire offence to not a few; it has, at all events, begotten sundry long-winded and learned excursions and essays on the "simplicity" and "credulity" of the father of history. In these essays, containing more or less truth, the critical acumen of the learned writers has often been no less at fault in pointing out blunders in our author, than was the patriotism of Plutarch in discovering Herodotean malignity. It was, of course, easy enough for commentators, who had—in their arm chairs—traversed all of the known, and occasionally a good deal of the unknown, globe, to assure their sympathising readers how grievously Herodotus had been gulled when, in his Scythian wanderings, he saw or heard of gold-guarding griffins; of men bald from their youth; of warlike Amazons; of tribes who solemnised certain occasions by thrusting arrows through their hands, and clipping off pieces of their ears. But even

in this prosaic age we can preserve Herodotean romance by substituting for "Scythian griffins" "Siberian natives," who, according to Sir R. Murchison, keenly resent (or did so not long ago) the intrusion of geologically-prying strangers. We now know that scanty hair characterises many of the wandering tribes of Northern Asia. We learn from Sir H. Rawlinson that among the Nairs of Malabar there exists a modified Amazonian settlement, where each woman has several husbands, and where property passes through the female line in preference to the male; and Dr. Livingstone in his recent travels testifies to the existence of a similar gynocracy in Southern Africa. The latter traveller, too, gives us a pretty exact parallel to Herodotus's case of mutilation. Now we do not mean to say that there is not still a considerable number of absurdities in Herodotus; but we do assert that very many stories in these pages which seemed wild and wonderful to our forefathers are now known to be but simple matters of fact, occasionally somewhat coloured and disguised in their narration, but yet often paralleled, and indeed exceeded, by what modern travellers have heard of and seen. Certainly steam has done much for the memory of Herodotus; and the more accurate knowledge we have of the world in which we live, the more reason do we seem to have for admiring the truthfulness and wide research of the patriarch of history. Certain errors and inaccuracies we can, of course, detect, which our more extended knowledge enables us at a glance to pronounce as such, and which no special pleading from our author can gloss over. That the world is more than 22000 years old; that olives existed originally only in Attica; that Cyrene and Barca were once islands; that every Naurian became a wolf once a year, are, with many other impossibilities, very pardonable slips for almost the first Greek prose writer to have made. Yet the last and most extravagant of these statements is embodied in the wehr-wolf of the Germans and the loup-garou of the French. Where Herodotus depends least upon himself, there he is least correct. Indeed, it is only as he recedes from the coast that, for the most part, he indulges in the marvellous. The maritime ship-visited countries

are in his pages nearly as prosaic as they are in our own time; it is only in the misty interior of continents, in deserts, in far-off islands, in unknown lands, that marvels and Arabian-night tales are indigenous. Yet he tells of these marvels with the guileless preface: "I must say what has been told to me, but I need not therefore believe all; and this applies to my whole work." Before advertent to some passages in the fourth book of this history, where modern travel and research wonderfully corroborate the statements of Herodotus, it will perhaps not be amiss to remind our readers under what circumstances these chronicles first saw light. Herodotus wrote for a people who, though they had attained great excellence in poetry and the fine arts, were mere novices in philosophy. Up to his time prose composition was almost unknown to Greece, and history scarcely existed, save in metrical records—or, at all events, history on such an extended scale as that before us; and its writers had been accustomed rather to hear and record than to analyse and draw conclusions. If, as is stated, Herodotus recited his history at various festivals, he had at that time a fitting audience such as he could scarcely have found forty years afterwards. We are afraid we must part with our cherished illusion as to the tears which the youthful Thucydides is supposed to have shed on hearing Herodotus recite his history; nor again could it have been recited entire at the Olympic festival, as has been asserted. Col. Mure says: "It appears on the lowest computation that to recite the whole nine books would require six or seven hours a day for four or five days running"—a story that would daunt the enthusiasm of even a Greek assembly under a burning summer sun. But, delivered, as it probably was, on various festive occasions, we may well imagine that many of those who had heard the beginning would return to hear the continuation of a tale more wonderful and attractive than that of Othello, telling, as it does, of strange beasts and birds and trees; of dwarfs and giants, and men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" of Magi, "sitting on the Chaldean hills at eve," and sacrificing there at daybreak; of the mystic sounds of Memnon; of rivers, mountains, and pyramids of

more than Brobdignagian proportions. Presently, too, they would hear a tale that would come home to their hearts more than all the wonders of the East. They would have a picture of a bright sunrise on the Hellespont; they would see in their mind's eye the Great King attended by myriads of Orientals; they would almost hear the sound of the whips with which the Persian officers drove on their men to battle; and they would shudder at the fettering of the sea and the wrath of Neptune; they would hear of great deliverance, and of vengeance no less great. Forty years after Herodotus would probably have met with a more critical and less sympathising audience. The Peloponnesian war had called into existence many vices as well as many virtues. More civilised indeed Greece had then become, but less simple-minded; as a writer has well remarked of the Athenians of this time: "They aspired to know, where their ancestors had been content to doubt; they began to doubt, where their ancestors thought it their duty to believe." To such a doubting, casuistic, truth-sifting, sceptical age, the passionless analysis and melancholy reflection of Thucydides was far better adapted than the childlike simplicity and credulous belief of Herodotus. We will now proceed to give from Mr. Rawlinson's admirable work a few instances where the truth of Herodotus's narrative is attested by recent travel and discovery. We take these examples almost entirely from the fourth book, comprising the history of Scythia. We are told of the Scythians that "they live on the fruit of a certain tree, the name of which is Ponticum: in size it is about equal to our fig-tree, and it bears a fruit like a bean, with a stone inside. When the fruit is ripe they strain it through cloths; the juice which runs off is black and thick, and is called by the natives aschy; this they lap up with their tongues." Heeren conjectures this from the description to be a species of cherry eaten by the Calmucks in almost precisely the same manner in the present day. The berries of this tree the Calmucks dress with milk, press through a sieve, and make a palatable soup of, which they eat in pretty nearly the same primitive style as their forefathers. Herodotus gives us a description of the flat desolate steppes of Southern Russia, that for its accuracy might have figured in the pages of Dr. Clarke. Modern travellers break out into rapturous descriptions of the natural scenery on the banks of the Dnieper. They speak of the river parting into a multitude of channels, that wind through forests of oak, alders, poplars, and aspens, with a primitive and melancholy beauty. We turn to our historian, and find that these same beauties had excited his enthusiasm more than 2000 years before; but the flow of his sweet Ionic Greek is as fresh as ever; and we almost hear the rustling waters, and see the green waving woods, with now and then a still pool, only disturbed by the fish leaping among the luxuriant water plants. Let us at this present day open the tomb of some ancient Scythian chief, and we shall find Herodotus a better antiquary than Jonathan Oldbuck. We shall still come upon the strangled concubine and cup-bearer; and haply, if the tomb be ancient and the chief royal, we shall find a further quartet of victims—cook, groom, lacquey, and messenger. We shall have still the golden cups, the bronzed weapons, and the impaled horse; while in the midst of the ghastly company will recline the king in his sepulchral chamber, with the upright spears at his side. Even in Herodotus's time, the Russian still freckled and puckered his face and body into wrinkles by the use of the vapour bath, and got drunk on a decoction of hemp seed. If Buffon tells us that the ass was originally an inhabitant of warm countries and degenerates in cold climates, Herodotus told us the same 2000 years ago. Did the Nasamonians ages ago plight troth by drinking out of each other's hands? This is still a custom in Algeria and elsewhere. We may yet eat the lotus in the oases of Arabia—as possibly Herodotus did—should we feel inclined to do so; though we may save ourselves the trouble of the journey thither and enjoy all the sensations by munching a sour crab apple, which in look and taste greatly resembles the degenerate lotus of the nineteenth century. Burning with a red-hot iron is still with the Arabs, as it was with their forefathers centuries ago, the sovereign remedy for every disorder. Dumb commerce exists now precisely as it existed in our historian's day. Herodotus may have seen the ancestor of the luckless Gorilla that figured a few days ago at the Crystal Palace, though he

does not, like Hanno, give it this name. Without defining respectability to consist in keeping a gig, do we talk of a man being wealthy who is the owner of carriages and horses? If we do, so did Herodotus. He tells us, too, of tales of Attic protectionists as stubborn and unreasonable as any in our own days. Again, if some of us have our El Dorados in California, Australia, or New Columbia, Herodotus tells us that every Greek of vagabond propensities longed to go seek his fortune in Sardinia, where (as he fancied) gold and silver was to be had for the asking. We could still linger over these pleasant volumes. It would wile away a pleasant half-hour to tell how Ariston tricked his friend out of his wife; and Hippocleides danced away his chance of the lovely princess Agarista; how Alcæmon—when Cræsus gave him as much gold as he could carry—filled his loose tunic, his buskin, his hair, and even his mouth with gold dust, and so staggered forth from the treasure-house, and how the kindly monarch smiled and gave him as much again of the golden store. We could produce from the portrait gallery of Herodotus, in the person of Smindyrides, a dandy far more luxurious and magnificent than our own Beau Brummel—who, according to the gossip of Athenæus and others, was always attended by a thousand cooks; who declared that it made him feel tired to see a man at work in the fields, and complained of the rose-leaves on which he slept as having creases in them. But the arch-enchancer must not detain us longer over his delightful pages. Nor let it be imagined that this volume contains nurture only for literary babes and sucklings; there is more substantial food for the scholar, in the shape of excursions on ethnography, geography, &c. We have the Pelasgian puzzle well sifted; as well as admirable essays on the early history of the Athenians, and that scarcely less famous race whose forefathers had been content with "the small sad region" of Doris.

These volumes, when completed, will be not only the best but the only edition of Herodotus for English readers. The translation, the notes, the excursions, and the type, are all excellent. Indeed, it would be strange if the literary part of the work were not well executed between such a trio as the editor and his learned colleagues; and we own to a penchant (and what reader will not do the same?) for large clear type and good paper, which is abundantly gratified in these volumes. Herodotus has now been edited in a manner that would puzzle a college of bookworms to equal; instead of the quaint historical meanderings and gossiping twaddle of antique commentators, we have from the travelled experience of scholars and antiquaries a worthy offering to the manes of the patriarch of history. If the English version fails to reproduce the inimitable sweetness and tender gracefulness of the original Greek, we are yet well content with what has been done, as we deem it scarcely possible to do better.

THOMAS UWINS, R.A.

A Memoir of Thomas Uwins, R.A., late Keeper of the Royal Galleries and the National Gallery, Librarian of the Royal Academy, &c. By Mrs. Uwins. With Letters. London: Longman and Co.

Artists of the present day do not suffer in reputation from the lack of loving biographers or the want of lengthy narrations of their careers when successful. If their early steps to fame and honour are often slow, humble, and difficult, their right to the success they may have obtained and their claims to the good opinion of posterity are usually fully supported by ample memoirs. Lives of all those who have in the least degree been successful in the profession have been written, frequently by authors of talent, and in several instances more than once.

This memoir is produced by the natural pride and affection of a wife, and it sustains the quiet reserved character of Uwins as consistently and modestly as his taste and genius for his art justify its early publication. It is complete as a life of the man and the struggling artist; but during the lifetimes of many who acted with him in the institutions and public matters he was connected with it is not possible to make it as perfect as it may be perhaps at a future period.

Thomas Uwins was not fortunate enough to gain name and reputation early in life, or make his talent known without many hindrances, disappointments, and exertions. He had a fine and delicate taste, a genial love of nature, and innocent sympathy with the happiness and poetry of

human life. These elements add to the colour and truthfulness of his pictures the charms which have made his works as popular as those of any painter of our school. He did not exhibit the class of oil pictures by which he became known until 1830, when he sent to the Royal Academy "Neapolitans Dancing the Tarantella;" he was thus far behind in the race with his contemporaries—Turner, for instance. This is accounted for by the early mischances of his life; and a timid nervous disposition, with indifferent health, also appears to have influenced it to some extent. He was a man short in stature, of plain appearance and features, but expressive blue eyes and a mild, refined expression, which, with a tender sympathising manner, gained for him love and goodwill from all with whom he came in contact. Throughout these volumes nothing is more striking to the reader than his constant acquirement of friends wherever he went. Only one enemy is slightly mentioned, and then only in dread and fear. To this trait of his character apparently must be attributed his choice by his brother artists and her Majesty for the numerous offices he filled during his career. He was born at Pentonville in 1782. His father, a clerk in the Bank of England, had two other sons—Zechariah, who became a clerk in the Bank, and David, who became a physician—Thomas being the youngest. The three went to a school kept by Mr. Crole, in Islington, where several men of mark are mentioned as having been educated with them. An Italian drawing master, whilst teaching his sister, discovered the aptitude of the future artist, and taught him for six months, when he said "he could not teach him any more." Most unfortunately he was not passed to a better instructor, but, after becoming fully engaged with the study of drawing and absorbed in its pursuit, he was on leaving school apprenticed to Mr. Smith, an engraver, with a premium of one hundred guineas.

This was done by the advice of Alderman Boydell, who had then a great many plates in Mr. Smith's hands. Mr. Smith was little able to carry Thomas Uwins forward in his studies, and set him to finish plates the first week of his being in the house. He was fifteen: the year was 1797. Vexation at having committed himself to drudgery without improvement preyed upon his mind, and brought on an attack of jaundice. This led to his release before the expiration of his apprenticeship.

Of Smith Mr. Roffe, a fellow pupil, gives this account:

Smith had little or no talent as an engraver. His first apprentice, Mr. William Holl, I have heard my father say, taught himself; and Smith was in the habit of letting out both his pupil and himself to work for others. In process of time, however, he was brought into connection with Alderman Boydell, who was then bringing out his large edition of Shakspeare. He then took a number of apprentices, who executed the plates which bore his name. His first pupil (William Holl), whose apprenticeship had ended before Mr. Uwins's or my father's had begun, was engaged as an assistant, and instructed Mr. Uwins, my father, and the others. He has also told me that during the whole of his apprenticeship he never once saw Smith use the "graver." One of the large Shakspeare plates, "Richard surrendering his crown to Bolingbroke," after Mather Brown, was begun by my father and finished by Mr. Uwins. I should conceive that the highest point of his prosperity had been reached about the time that the apprenticeship of my father and Mr. Uwins terminated. My father continued to assist him in engraving up to the end of 1806, when Mr. Smith seems evidently to have begun to be in difficulties, and unable to pay with regularity. Three or four years after that time he was forced into the sale of all his effects, and into the rules of the Bench. He, however, still remained the tenant of the same house till his death in 1833. He was buried at Hampstead. As far as I can learn, he continued to take pupils, and amongst other things to do plates upon speculation; and thus he continued to move along in some fashion. Two plates I can name, got up by him in these later times—a copy in stipple engraving of Barry's "Venus rising from the sea," done from the original mezzotint engraving; and a small plate entitled the "Favoured Dove." Beyond this, I am not able to say more than that his fall must have been very great, from the general style and comfort in which it is evident that he lived during the time when Mr. Uwins was with him. I remember calling upon him with an old pupil (A. R. Burt) a year or two before his death. That was the only time I ever saw him. He was seated in his kitchen, and seemed very low and melancholy.

After notices of other pupils, Mr. Roffe says:

Mr. Uwins never took kindly to engraving; and have often heard my father say that he practised drawing diligently in his overtime (after working from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. for Smith), and that at tea time he was in the habit of sketching the cups, saucers,

teapot, &c. He must have begun very early to take portraits; for he did one, in water colours, of my father when the latter was eighteen, and he himself but sixteen years old. It is many years since I saw it, but I remember that it was drawn with much taste. I greatly regret that we do not possess it. My father gave it to a favourite niece, whom we have lost sight of for many years. We have, however, a slight pencil sketch of the head only, taken when my father was twenty-two, and Mr. Uwins twenty. . . . After Mr. Uwins was out of his time he engraved a portrait of Dibdin. That, and a portion of some subject, was, I believe, all that he ever did do in engraving after leaving Smith. This is all I know of Mr. Uwins during his stay with Smith, and is probably about all that is to be known, as apprenticeships are not generally eventful.

Uwins became a student of the Royal Academy on leaving Mr. Smith. About 1808 he began to furnish vignettes and illustrations to publishers for their books, and "pretty faces" for Ackerman. In 1809 he exhibited his first drawing at the Water-Colour Society's exhibition, of which he had been elected an Associate Exhibitor:

To use his own words, in a short biography of Mr. Robson, written in 1833, "Painting in water-colours, though not a new art, may be said to have been revived in England at the period to which this memoir refers. The beautiful studies made in Italy by Cousins opened a path which was soon followed worthily by others. The writer is old enough to recollect the time when the council-room of the Royal Academy was devoted to the exhibition of paintings in water colours. Here were to be seen the rich and masterly sketches of Hamilton, the fascinating compositions of Westall, the beautiful landscapes of Girtin, Calcott, and Reinagle, and the splendid creations of Turner—the mightiest enchanter who has ever wielded the magic power of art in any age or country. At this time the council-room, instead of being what the present arrangement makes it, a place of retirement from the bustle of the other departments, was itself the great point of attraction. Here crowds first collected, and here they lingered longest, because it was here the imagination was addressed through the means of an art which added the charm of novelty to excellence. It was the fascination of this room that first led to the idea of forming an exhibition entirely of pictures in water colours. The scheme originated with Messrs. Hills, Pyne, Shelley, and Wells. They united with them Barrett, Cristall, Gilpin, Glover, Havell, Holworthy, Nattes, Nicholson, Pocock, S. Bigaud, J. Varley, and C. Varley; and in the spring of 1805 these sixteen individuals produced an exhibition at Tresham's Rooms, in Lower Brook-street, which astonished the world. Names hitherto unknown to fame came forward at once with the claims of distinguished artists, commanding admiration and patronage. The new exhibition was the talk of the town; to visit it was the height of fashion. The rooms at Brook-street proved too small for the growing exigencies of the society; they went from thence to Bond-street, and at length to the great room in Spring-gardens. The society had now existed eight years; it had added to its numbers Akinson, Miss Byrne, John Chalon, Darrel, Heaphy, Nash, Ramsay, Reinagle, Smith, Stevens, William Turner, Uwins, Dewint, Fielding, Munn, Payne, Pugin, Scott, William Westall, and Wild. The exhibition was much more varied and interesting than it had ever been before; but the novelty was gone by, it had ceased to be fashionable. The doors were no longer crowded with carriages; and the works of artists remained on the walls unsold. Spoiled with success, and panic-struck at this reverse of fortune, the members called a general meeting, at which it was agreed to dissolve the society; twelve men, more courageous than the rest, immediately united. These were Barrett, Cristall, Fielding, Glover, Havell, Holworthy, Nicholson, Smith, W. Turner, Uwins, C. Varley, and J. Varley; to these were added Cox, Miss Gouldsmith, Holmes, Linnell, Mackenzie, and Richter. It was now proposed to admit works in oil and water colours, and on this plan the society went on for two or three years with indifferent success. When the great room in Spring gardens was pulled down, the society removed to the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly; and here was adopted the wise resolution of going back to the original constitution. Tired of moving from place to place, the society sought some permanent gallery which they might call their own; and Mr. Robson actually took the rooms in Pall-mall East on his own responsibility, and by this bold measure secured to the society a local habitation, in which the exhibitions have regained their former popularity, and the institution has become a place of national importance."

At this period he makes greater progress, and is ardently at work:

Mr. Uwins was elected a full member of the Water-Colour Society on June 11th, 1810; secretary for the year Nov. 13th, 1813. He was also elected secretary for the years 1817 and 1818. The hop gardens of Farnham, Surrey, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, had been visited in 1811-12. The studies made at Farnham already indicated his love of pure outline and graceful form.

Working for the booksellers and the Water-Colour Exhibition until 1817, when he proceeded into France for the purpose of painting a scene in a vineyard. This important period of his life is described in a number of interesting letters. In the spring of 1818 he had acted as secretary to the Water-Colour Society; but an unexpected embarrassment, which bound him to extreme exertion and placed him under a responsibility to the Society of Arts, induced his resignation of membership. The Water-Colour Society declined to accept his withdrawal under the circumstances, and still considered him a member; but he nevertheless did not exhibit, and after two years of intense and most honourable exertion to redeem his bond he was, having seriously impaired his sight, elected an honorary member of the Society of Arts. A commission to illustrate the novels of Sir Walter Scott led to a journey in Scotland, and a correspondence and friendship with the learned romance writer.

His eyes often failed him, but he formed many useful friendships—that of Miss Gurney, sister to Miss Fry, and the art-loving Earl of Leven, who is still living a hale old gentleman. Anxiety for his mother's health brought him back to London, and in 1824 he is at Geneva on his way to Italy. This was the long-deferred day-break of his life, and he strove with all the hope which its bright happiness and congenial warmth inspired him. He made drawings for Sir T. Lawrence; corresponded with Severn, Eastlake, Chalon, and his brothers; made more friendships; drew portraits; and completed those pictures for the exhibitions which have given us the most vivid and simple realisations of Italian life of any modern artist, refined by an elegance as rare as it is enthralling. In his letters to his brothers a very decided ultra-Protestantism, which at most times fails to distinguish between the sentiment and habits of the people and the faith and zeal of the priests, is manifest. It was during the period of the Catholic Emancipation agitation in England; and we need not say more of this anti-Papist feeling than that it gave rise to many of Uwins's pictures, and adhered to him to his death. A timorous hatred of Destructives and Radicals also occurs frequently; but this weakness may be excused by the character of the period. His letters from Italy give several good descriptions of the scenery and anecdotes of the society and English visitors of the time, and also some insight into the plans and mutual encouragement of the English artists studying there at that period. He met Eastlake for the first time at Florence, and gives this flattering opinion of the future President, from whom there are some good letters on the best methods of study in art:

The knowledge of history and antiquity of Rome in all its different ages and states, the general intelligence on all subjects, displayed by Mr. Eastlake, made an impression upon my mind which every day that I have known him has led to the increase of my admiration for him. He was then painting a picture for the Duke of Devonshire, which is now at Chatsworth. This was followed by commissions from everybody of rank and consequence. He was admired by all the German students in art, being, as he was, a finished German scholar. He was intimate with the French students as well as professors, and he was an object of interest likewise to the Italian artists. It may easily be imagined how interesting the society of such a man must have been to me under these circumstances, and what a blank Rome would have been without him. His friendship followed me to England, and all my feelings in regard to him are those of admiration and gratitude.

His correspondence with Severn, too, may be read by young artists with profit; but it is too professional for extract. He painted many portraits, and sold his first picture for twenty guineas to Woodburn the dealer, who got him more commissions. He resigned his publisher's work, and sent his first oil paintings to the British Institution. It is one omission in the book that it has no list of the works he sent to the British Institution, though it has of all exhibited at the Academy and the Water-Colour Society.

Here is Turner on his travels:

The impression that Turner's pictures seem to have made on the English travellers as well as the foreign artists appears very unfavourable, if I may judge from the reports. How is all this? Are they deficient in the high qualities that used to distinguish his former works, or is he trifling with his great powers? The following simple account of him has amused me not a little. It is written by a merchant travelling towards Bologna, a young man who knows nothing of art, and nothing (as you will perceive) of the reputation of artists:—"I have fortunately met with a good-tempered, funny, little, elderly gentleman,

who will probably be my travelling companion throughout the journey. He is continually popping his head out of window to sketch whatever strikes his fancy, and became quite angry because the conductor would not wait for him while he took a sunrise view of Macerata. 'Damn the fellow!' says he, 'he has no feeling.' He speaks but a few words of Italian, about as much of French, which two languages he jumbles together most amusingly. His good temper, however, carries him through all his troubles. I am sure you would love him for his indefatigability in his favourite pursuit. From his conversation he is evidently near kin to, if not absolutely, an artist. Probably you may know something of him. The name on his trunk is, J. W. or J. M. W. Turner!"

In 1831 Uwins returned to London, and continued to complete and exhibit Italian subjects. In 1833 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1838 an Academician, which took from him much of his time, as he had the care of the life school. In 1843 he painted a fresco of the Lady in Comus, in the pavilion at Buckingham Palace. In 1844 he received the appointment of Librarian to the Royal Academy, and in 1845 the office of Surveyor of the Royal Pictures the room of Calcott. His surprise at the choice of the Queen falling upon him is described in a letter to Severn. In 1847 he became Keeper of the National Gallery; but of this little is said, for Uwins suffered a great deal of unmerited contumely, in consequence of the picture cleaning which took place at the time. He resigned it in 1855. He endeavoured to induce the Government to take steps for the preservation of the Cartoons at Hampton Court, but was not successful; and he wrote a catalogue of the Buckingham Palace gallery. In 1851 he married, lived more in retirement, occupied in painting and occasionally attending the evenings of the Sketching Society, of which he was one of the oldest and most useful members. This was a private society of artists, and the account given of it is this:

The Society for the Study of Epic and Pastoral Design, better known as "The Sketching Society," was amongst the associations which Mr. Uwins most reluctantly quitted on proceeding to Scotland. The idea of forming this society for social practice originated with three artists, Francis Stevens, John James and Alfred Edward Chalon. The first meeting, to arrange a plan, was held at the rooms of F. Stevens, in Wigmore-street, on the 6th of January 1808, being Twelfth-day, when the following names were signed, in the order decided by lot, to the regulations agreed upon: William Turner of Oxford, Alfred Edward Chalon, Thomas Webster, Michael Sharp, Francis Stevens, Cornelius Varley, J. J. Chalon. Henry P. Bone was elected at the second meeting. The number of members was limited to eight; the president had the privilege of introducing one visitor. They met at each other's houses weekly during the season, in rotation, the host of the evening being also president, and giving out the subject to be treated after tea and coffee. At eight o'clock they commenced operations, and at ten sat down to supper, a very simple meal at first; but as their appetites grew more fastidious it became so luxurious, that laws were found necessary to restrain it. After supper the drawings were collected by the president, and put up separately for each member to criticise; and this was done with more candour and judgment than is usually found in professional critics. The drawings remained the property of the president of the evening (who, by an ancient law, was not allowed to sell, or otherwise dispose of them during his life, without the consent of the society), and thus ended a very agreeable and not ill-spent evening. The anniversary was marked by the introduction of a twelfth-cake, and wine after supper, toasts, speeches, &c. During the long interval of the recess, the members assembled for an excursion, usually on Midsummer Day; visited together something beautiful either in nature or art, generally in both; and ended by a dinner at Richmond, Windsor, Hampton Court, or some other country retreat. Mr. Uwins had been present as a visitor a few months after the foundation of the society. It was April the 27th, 1808, and the subject for the evening was a pastoral one:

In Georgia's land
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Again he was a visitor, December 30, 1812, when the subject was an epic—"Timoleon shielding his brother, who was thrown from his horse amidst the enemy." But the society had entered its fourteenth year when Mr. Uwins was invited to become a member. Each season began in October, and continued to the end of April, the first season departing from this rule, because the society was not instituted until Twelfth-day, when half the winter was already passed.

He visited the Manchester Exhibition in 1857. During the latter part of his career he lived quietly at Staines, painting landscapes for the Academy exhibition; but his health was pre-

carious, and he prepared to quit his long life of labour with faithful Christian hope. And after some weeks of illness of greater severity than before, he died on the 26th August 1857, and was buried at Staines.

Many of his contemporaries were greater painters, and made more brilliant reputations; but his was a most industrious and useful life, and these volumes relate its incidents in the meek way in which he accepted them.

SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY.

The Master Builder's Plan; or, the Principles of Organic Architecture as indicated in the Typical Forms of Animals. By GEORGE OGILVIE, M.D. London: Longmans.

WE neither believe that it is possible nor that it is desirable to popularise science. We cannot, therefore, say that we give our approval to such volumes as the present. The author evidently knows his subject well; but his work is too learned for the multitude, and tells the man of real science nothing which he does not already know. Indeed, for some time the world has been proceeding in a false and fatal direction, whereby realities eternally distinct run great risk of being confounded. Instead of thorough acquaintance with a few things, the community now yearns for miscellaneous information on everything whatever. Thus the noblest departments of human thought lose their sacredness, their dignity, and their distinctive characteristics. We have no quarrel with science; but we should confine science to the domain of science, even for its own sake. In a country so enormously industrial as England, and where industrialism is so largely applied science, it would be Quixotic to raise bounds to the freedom and the boldness of scientific investigations. Where also there is the irresistible hunger of a human soul for what is beautiful in science, why should we not satisfy it? Our complaint is, not that science is profoundly and variously studied, or that its poetic revealings keep pace with its material triumphs, but that science is vulgarised and forced to perform a thousand fantastic tricks for the gratification of an idle curiosity. Alas! the tree of knowledge of good and of evil has borne too often bitter, too often poisonous, fruits; yet we in these days are not content unless we can convert its saps into an intoxicating drink to add to our delirium of vanity, frivolity, and excitement. Even if it were as eminently praiseworthy, as we deem it to be eminently detestable, to teach every poor ignorant creature to gabble a scientific jargon, we dislike and protest against this book on totally different grounds. We decidedly reject the doctrine of types, and we are the determined foes of teleology. The symbolism of the universe is to us a most holy faith; that is to say, we firmly believe that the visible not merely embodies the life, but represents the pregnant phantasy, of the Invisible. This idea is as grand, pious, radiant, and cheering as the doctrine of types is pedantic, mechanical, prosaic, and gloomy. To substitute for a genial creation, in which whatsoever is mighty and whatsoever is minute alike burst from the infinite spontaneity of God—to substitute for this the bondage of the Deity to certain primordial plans, which he has once for all established, and from which he can never deviate, is to degrade the Creator into the simple artificer, who is unable to work except according to pattern. Dr. Ogilvie, who speaks modestly and unassumingly, and whose book is not more distasteful to us than books of the class generally, professes alarm at the pantheistic mode of viewing nature. Let us tell him that the evil—and evil undoubtedly there is—must be looked for in an opposite quarter. Pantheism, like superstition, is an excess: it has growth and utterance only in religious ages and in religious hearts. Those, therefore, who identify it with Atheism are strangely misled or guiltily misleading. Pantheism may make God too vague and indefinite; but is there not danger in an inordinately intellectual Theism which makes him too distinct? We lose all reverence for that which we persuade ourselves we perfectly understand. If God is not approached as a Father—and the mass of men wisely and instinctively so approach Him—we cannot veil him in mystery too profound. And if, as we kneel at the threshold of His mysterious being, He seeth meet miraculously to illumine our adoring breast, we should receive the light not as nourishment to our haughty intellect, but as rebuke thereto. With what offensive familiarity in treatises on natural theology, and even in manuals of devotion, is the Omnipotent spoken of and

addressed! We bring God far too often on the scene. We have vulgarised the Holiest One as we have vulgarised science. Moreover, what tragic dearth of the religious life is implied in the incessant hunt for proofs of God's existence! That which is stupendously alive encountereth everywhere Him that liveth for evermore. Why do we pile up demonstration on demonstration of God, defence on defence of God's attributes, unless from the penury of our religious emotion. There is fierce and unrelenting onslaught on an infidelity which can nowhere be found except in the brain of the assailant. If we cannot discover God in the universe which breathes in beauty round us, which throbs in ecstasy within us, how are we to discover him in the dead universe which you dissect? It matters not whether you discourse of the argument from design, of adjustment, of adaptation, or of typical forms, your voice is ghastly as the Gogtha in which you dwell and from which you preach. If I am to listen to a sermon on nature, and to be thereby led to the Spirit of nature, let the sermon be in the style of the Book of Job; let it flash, and rush, and resound like nature. But you are sager far than the author of that book! I am to be more instructed by a museum of comparative anatomy, more impressed, than by the whole vast circle of animation from the Leviathan downwards. When the whale flings its colossal mass far up, in play or in fury, from the foaming waters, I am scarcely to see a marvel of nature or to feel the presence of God; but I am to be duly penetrated by the importance of the fact that the whale is a mammalian. The whale sporting amid icebergs, defying man's deadly weapons and the majesty of his conquering ships, or claiming as his own the abysses that yawn thousands of fathoms down, is a commonplace spectacle; but the whale, as a member of the vertebrate group, is changed from a huge monster to a delightfully interesting personage. The lion fulminating his formidable roar through the trembling forest is no divine potency—he is a ferocious brute, to be shunned by all prudent folks: banish him, however, to the category of cats, and he suddenly becomes a revelation of the Almighty! How idiotic and impious the notion that science, with its most improved classifications and with its newest nomenclature, can draw me nearer to the Great Unseen than the Great Unseen Himself in the prodigality of this gorgeous globe, and in the glory of the boundless heavens! The most insignificant individual, in its plenitude of life, is more suggestive than a wilderness of skeletons; and the most insignificant individual, even if it were only a worm or a moth, has a realm of its own; and this constitutes the chief charm of such books as those which Michelet has lately published on the bird and insect. But, even were we to admit the doctrine of types, we should find it melt into a much larger and more vital principle, that of analogy—a principle as old as Pythagoras, or far older, and which Swedenborg and his followers have applied in their own peculiar way. It has been said that the unity of organic composition is one of those general principles which return in all epochs under different forms: in antiquity, the doctrines of Aristotle and Plato; in the middle ages, Nominalism and Realism; and in our own days, the controversy between Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. This, however, even if we accept it, will carry us but a little way on our journey. The principle of analogy, on the contrary, is fruitful, religious, poetical, philosophical. It would never lead us into the monstrous assertion into which Dr. Ogilvie, from the mania of system, is betrayed—that God has almost spoiled certain animals, such as the elephant, rather than deviate from a primary type. In presenting our own theory of the universe, we have always pictured form as the intensification of life. Form is God's most compendious mode of embodying himself. This is an ontological proposition from which every ontological structure must be raised. But physiologists, naturalists, all, by whatever name called, who analytically deal with nature, are essentially sectarian: they have no ontological instinct, no ontological genius. They are as much imprisoned in a small creed as the slave of the most howling and leprous conventicle; and they will not even swallow an oyster unless you permit them to baptise it a delicious mollusc. No doubt the oyster, as it travels down the learned throat, must be flattered by the fine name. Natural history as a branch of ontology is fresh, full, fecund as ontology. Divorced from onto-

logy, we must denounce it as an arid sectarianism. So divorced, it is not faithful to its own character; for what is history but an account of something which lives, or of something which has been alive? Our naturalists, however, instead of painting what lives, hold a sort of coroner's inquest on creation. They will have nothing to do with nature till she turns herself into stone and bone. Like epicures, they will not have their food cooked till it offends the nostrils of the neighbourhood. Earth to them is a Morgue, spacious and spreading as the agencies of corruption, where the stabbed, the strangled, and the drowned, vertebrate or articulate, mollusc or radiate, unfold their manifold hideousness. O, living earth! take this Morgue away, and bring me thy sweetest flowers, that I may forget it. In the living earth of a living God the link of life is love, as its intensification is form. This second fundamental proposition of ontology the pedants of the typical school are as incapable of understanding as the first. Neither can they understand that form hallowed by the eye of love is beauty. Form as the intensification of life, love as the link of life, and beauty as the real because the ideal of love, constitute that empire of analogy which is so rich and fragrant to the philosophic, the poetic, and the religious glance. Take a little child into a field on a sunny day, when spring is breaking into summer, and place it beside a little lamb. I quickly find a whole world of affinities between them and around them; but you creep up to my ear and inform me that the one is a vertebrate and mammalian as well as the other, and frighten away the dream of my joyous imagination, of my still more joyous heart. You see the superficial resemblances, wherefrom of course it is pleasant for us to know that the nearest thing to a man is a monkey. I see that marvellous concatenation of symbolisms which must first be caught by insight before it is seized and delineated by sight. It is strange that, if the doctrine of types be true, at least in its prosaic and limited sense, we shrink with most abhorrence from those animals which in certain features and habits seem too close copies of the human animal. The cry of any wild rover of the woods which sounds too like the cry of an infant fills us with a superstitious terror. If we detect the transcript, however faint, the image, however rude, of the human hand, that sublime sign and instrument of our mastery seems degraded. And the keener and prompter our gaze for the spiritual similitudes, the more such merely material similitudes repel us. A fallacious principle which leads nearly all modern inquirers astray is, that the diviner, the more intelligent: to which we oppose the principle that the diviner the more instinctive. We are fond of borrowing language from human fashionings when speaking of the Maker of all things. But such language is dangerously deceptive. Intelligence alone never yet created, never can create. In Deity infinite life includes infinite intelligence. But must not that which includes be greater than that which is included? In every tongue and in every land the name of God has come from the idea of life. The awful name of the Almighty, borrowed from the idea of life, the Hebrew worshipper started back from uttering. In the case of God, exalt intelligence over life, and you force on God a moral responsibility drawn from the pedantries of the schools. The way to multiply atheists is to drag men into the labyrinth of those pedantries. God, pouring himself forth illimitably as life, is bound by no law, as he obeys none but the necessity of that impulse. Life expended with endless variety, and yet with an economy so admirable that there is nothing superfluous—behold the universe of Him who inhabiteth eternity! And in the most solemn affairs and cares of the soul the Life invisible harmonises with the Life visible. In the fervour of prayer we seek for God as the Life; and opulently, mercifully, as the Life he responds. The disease infecting the whole community at present is rationalism. It is the exaggeration of that valiant Protestant principle by which so many noble victories have been won. Notwithstanding what shallow thinkers may have written on the effect of democratic institutions in America, we are convinced that it is not in the political region that the source of the mischief must be sought. Russia the autocratic and Switzerland the republican are both alike conservative, are two of the most conservative countries in the world. It matters not what the political institutions of a country are, provided that certain primordial and

religious agencies envelope and transmute them. The curse in America is a rampant rationalism, which will admit nothing mysterious, and which can have no respect for what is politically stable, forasmuch as it hath no reverence for that Holy of Holies where tabernacles Jehovah. In England we are suffering, though in a less degree, from a kindred woe. The doctrine of types as presented by Dr. Ogilvie and others is substantially the same in character as spirit-rapping, if less offensive and silly. The one belongs no less than the other to the vast rationalistic revolt—to escape from which the timid seek refuge in the most puerile mummeries of that Church whose mission for good in its purer and more earnest days we cannot overlook, but which three hundred years ago the Reformation condemned. By all men brave and true and devout rationalism must be discountenanced, if what is beautiful and heroic in England is not to perish in the fierce reaction of obscurantism. It is lamentable that many of the ministers of religion—no doubt with the best intentions—are enrolled in the rationalistic army. If any counsel from us could reach them, it would be this: insist, in season and out of season, on those exalted and imperishable moral truths which are now so much despised and neglected in favour of a maworm and mumbling dogmatism; cleanse every corner of the temple from which, inspired by godly zeal, you prophesy; and, finally and chiefly, never allow any profane eye or profane foot to penetrate beyond the vestibule of that grander temple which, by adorable darkness, and by the boundaries immense of sphere behind sphere, the Lord hath chosen as His own. Meanwhile, it would be altogether wrong to hold Dr. Ogilvie responsible for a general error and a general tendency. Those who think that we should impudently venture into God's workshop, rather than kneel in ecstasy and gratitude at the spectacle of God's works, will find here an intelligent and intelligible though somewhat dry account of matters which it would require prodigious charms of style to render attractive. We have not wished to quarrel with Dr. Ogilvie individually. It is natural enough that he should strive to gratify a prevailing taste. Many might have done so with more of literary skill, but few could have done so with less pretension. If it had been suitable to go more profoundly and comprehensively into the subject, there are many points on which we should have rejoiced to furnish elucidation and illustration. For instance, it might have been shown that wide is the difference between a type and a symbol. In types there is simple correspondence and reproduction; in symbolism there is always the march to a richer and richer revelation, thought leading to deeper thought, phantasy leading to more radiant phantasy. Nowhere has typology been so much studied as in Scotland, nowhere symbolism so little. Typology has impoverished the religious nature of the Scotch, never very fruitful at the best. Dr. Ogilvie's book is constructed on the model of a Scotch typological sermon. It has the same formal, frigid, mechanical arrangement, without colour or imagination. Pity that he and his countrymen cannot leave typology for a while, and take a few lessons in symbolism.

ATTICUS.

FERRIER'S HISTORY OF THE AFGHANS.

History of the Afghans. By J. P. FERRIER. Translated from the Original Unpublished Manuscript. By Captain WILLIAM JESSE. London: John Murray.

ON an Oriental subject, this book has an Oriental march and massiveness. With an Oriental splendour there are also Oriental faults. As in the armies of the East, along with the gorgeous array, the quantity of baggage and the multitude of camp-followers are in unwieldy proportion to the number of effective troops. Unlike his countrymen, General Ferrier is as little as possible of a literary artist: unlike them, he is remarkable for modest dignity: unlike them, he takes honest pains to appreciate the British character, and generously admits England's excellences without any attempt either to flatter her vanity or to conceal her defects. Apart from its historical importance, this work has great value. As soldier and as traveller the author is intimately acquainted with the countries lying to the north-west of India; and perhaps it is only those with an extensive Eastern experience who are fitted to pronounce on Eastern questions. The Afghans have a special interest for the English people; they remind us of blunders unsurpassed, of calamities unparalleled, in English annals.

The chief charm of the book is in the vivid and novel picture of England's relation to Afghanistan. In the earlier parts there is considerable confusion, besides extreme aridity. Afterwards, when Afghanistan is building itself up into something resembling an empire, we are repelled by the hideous monotony of turbulence, perfidy, and blood. But when Afghanistan and England draw slowly near to each other to take part in a memorable tragedy, there is, though without the slightest attempt at effect, a kindling into the sublime.

It is obvious that General Ferrier is ill informed on many points. He confesses total ignorance of the English language, and he is thus limited to the facts, sometimes of doubtful authenticity, gathered in the course of his wanderings. What, however, his book thus loses in completeness, it gains in freshness. It is well to know what the Afghans have to say about themselves and the English, as well as what the English have to say about themselves and the Afghans. There is one disposition which this volume, more than any we ever read, tends powerfully to correct—the disposition to ascribe to the Orientals certain virtues which are familiar enough to our western minds, but which the Orientals have not the remotest conception of. Patriotism, honour, truthfulness, purity, the Oriental cannot be said to sin against, for he does not know what they mean. In Afghanistan as in so many Eastern lands, the deepest and most energetic motive, when there can be said to be any noble motive at all, is attachment to the leader of the tribe or clan. This attachment, and a brilliant impetuous courage, are the only good qualities which General Ferrier allows to the Afghan. An insatiable cupidity, an insatiate cruelty, boundless treachery, blackest ingratitude, feverish fickleness, every unnatural lust—by these is the Afghan distinguished. Yet General Ferrier does not judge him with Rhadamantian severity, does not denounce him with prophetic indignation. He pictures, he estimates him with the impartiality of the historian. Wherefrom it simply follows that the contest of the Afghans against the English was not a stupendous raising of bucklers for altars and hearths, but the mere indulgence of that ferocious temper which the Afghan can never be induced to restrain, except through the very vilest of bribes.

From the lofty ground to which General Ferrier exalts us we are not inclined to descend, any more than he himself ever descends, to commonplace controversy. But it is impossible to peruse this book without being filled with disgust at Whig nepotism and contempt for Whig incapacity. The grand Afghan disaster was an English sorrow, but it was a Whig mistake. English political action, like the English nature, should be frank and bold. If we have statesmen we can dispense with diplomatists. We are too strong to need the aid of diplomatic arts. So thinks not Lord Palmerston, England's evil genius. Ever since this man, frivolous, crafty, intriguing rather than wicked, and not without some genuine English instincts, has gained such fatal predominance in our public affairs, we have grown clumsy imitators of Russian duplicity, German cunning, and French charlatanism. We have thereby lost our commanding and manly attitude, become the playthings of decaying dynasties, the scorn of brave nations, and the betrayers of mankind. In Central Asia twenty years ago Lord Palmerston saw an admirable field for the display of his peculiar talents. There was danger, or supposed danger, to the English power in India from Russian aggression. Lord Palmerston was at first almost servile in his condescension to Russia; and the more the Russians heaped insult on insult, falsehood on falsehood, the lower and the meaner did Palmerston crouch. Nesselrode slapped him in the face as if he had been an impudent schoolboy chattering about, meddling with, matters of which he knew nothing—and Palmerston, half whining, half smiling, affected infinite delight. The English people growing tired of this diplomatic farce, Palmerston made a sudden bound from childish trifling to ostentatious violence. The expedition to Afghanistan was decreed. The Governor-General of India was Lord Auckland, an amiable nobleman perhaps, but entirely destitute of political vigour and sagacity. England and the East India Company had able and devoted servants in Central Asia, with intellect keen as their swords and with hearts as true. But, unless among the English political residents at Asiatic courts a respectable nullity could be found, worthy of

Lord Auckland himself, no heed was given to their words. Men who, like Burnes, thoroughly knew the Asiatic character and the circumstances of Afghanistan, were disregarded, or coldly and incredulously listened to. There seems no doubt that Dost Mohammed wished to be on the best terms with the English. But if political necessity demanded the conquest of Afghanistan—and this we do not deny—could it be achieved in no wiser way than by dethroning the vigorous ruler whom the Afghans respected, and setting up a puppet king whom they abhorred. Afghanistan proved easy enough to conquer, and with stern will and stern justice it would have proved easy enough to retain. A large part of the population in Afghanistan is not of pure Afghan blood. Nearly every one not of pure Afghan blood would have clung to the English as protectors; yet this was the class the most discountenanced and distrusted, so blind were those who counselled or who were the instruments of Lord Auckland. When matters took a threatening aspect, the General at Kabul, Elphinstone, seemed to sink into helpless idiocy. Prompt and daring measures would quickly have tamed the ferocity of the Afghans; generosity and conciliation would have performed the rest. What was done at Kandahar revealed what could have been done at Kabul. But England's valiant battalions were driven like sheep to the slaughter, or left to perish in the snows, because Whig favouritism would not tolerate anything but Whig fatuousness. This great anguish and this great shame still burn on the English brow and in the English breast. Let them burn there with scorpion fierceness till England learn that, though the patrician element belongs to her profoundest being, the oligarchical element is unscrupulous selfishness and crassest stupidity.

General Ferrier's book was written some years ago, and, therefore, there are no allusions to passing events. But he is evidently persuaded of three things—that England must at no distant day resume possession of Afghanistan—that at a day not much more distant England and Russia must come into collision—and that the obstacles to the march of the Muscovite would be far fewer and far less formidable than is usually supposed. In these three opinions, as in most of his conclusions, we heartily concur. It is a race between Russia and England for the mastery of the world. England has nothing to fear, unless we are to have a repetition of meddling by Lord Palmerston and his disciples, and of blundering by Lord John Russell and his disciples. We cannot afford to be actors in another Afghanistan tragedy. England's future guide in Asia should be never to strike but from intolerable provocation, yet to strike so well as not to be obliged to strike twice; and never again to deal in sham monarchs. Let Justice and Mercy also go hand in hand. There is a kind of leniency, however much insisted on by our platform orators, which the Oriental ridicules as feebleness. Till, through the long influence of ages, diviner forces begin to transfigure his soul, the Oriental must be governed despotically, and, though not indeed with cruelty, yet with rigid severity. The English being the humanest of men, it is folly preaching humanity to them. They may err by being too clement—seldom by being too cruel. At the same time, we have no wish to excuse some of the things which have been done by the English in the recent revolt, as, for instance, the blowing from guns, which we consider a disgusting barbarity. But if the sentimentalists will read General Ferrier's earnest and suggestive book, they will find that this is a trifle compared to the atrocities which the native princes either commit or command. Even if in India and Central Asia there were one faintest throb of political independence, the bestiality, rivalling with the brutality, calls for the wrath of God to sweep crimes and criminals away worse than those which clamoured for angry and avenging thunders in the Cities of the Plain. Central Asia is one vast Sodom. The soil is slippery with blood; the air is thick with guilt. If the English are not willing to be in holy fear the scourges of God, he must bring from the North an avalanche of destroyers.

But, though there must be a work of destruction in the East, and especially in Central Asia, before there can be a work of construction or reconstruction, yet England would, in appropriating Afghanistan, be able after a brief period to enter on labours much more consonant with her character, instincts, and traditions. Afghanistan is a country of magnificent resources. It is thinly peopled, and can never flourish under its present

inhabitants, continually warring with each other or with the neighbouring nations. General Ferrier furnishes a very full account of Afghanistan and the Afghans. The land from his description attracts us as much as the dwellers therein inspire us with loathing; for the mere shedder of blood, if he has no other notable quality than the talent for killing, is, though bearing the honourable name of soldier, as hideous as the butcher or the executioner. What could England best do with Afghanistan? Colonise it. On few spots could she more fruitfully plant one England more. In the mountains are found large quantities of iron, lead, sulphur, asbestos, and gold and silver are washed down by the streams. Besides the mineral wealth and the agricultural wealth, England would have in Kabool, Herat, Kandahar, and other cities, grand commercial centres. There is no reason why the Afghans should perish. Those of them who were peaceable could amalgamate with the English colonists; those of them who were refractory could be sent to serve as soldiers in India. The English colonisation of Afghanistan might at first be entirely of a military kind. Grants of land could be made to those officers and privates who were disposed to accept them. England's Indian Empire can never be secure as long as so many Englishmen go to India with the intention of returning. When India and the countries to the north-west thereof are sought with delight as a future home, India will gradually penetrate itself with English ideas, clothe itself with English industrialism. India was for a long time held for the benefit of a company of greedy and narrow-minded merchants, with whom all was a question of rupees. That time has passed away; and in the turmoil of a revolt not yet wholly overcome, few seem to know, and our statesmen less than any, what ought to be done. We have to teach the sluggish English mind, and stimulate its determinations. It would be affectation and cowardice, in speaking of colonisation in India and Afghanistan, to overlook the probable religious result. We are compelled to regard Protestantism as the divinest reality till some new reality comes on the scene. Now an English and Protestant kingdom in Afghanistan would break the back of Mahometanism. In Central Africa and elsewhere Mahometanism is still a powerful missionary. It is the most rapid and resistless idol-breaker the world has ever beheld. But it fails when it tries to create positive virtues and positive institutions. In every part of Asia it is exhausted. In his entire moral being the Asiatic Mahometan is a leper. Buddhism and Brahminism have yet in Asia a species of vitality: Mahometanism has none, for we must not mistake for vitality an occasional outbreak of fanaticism. It is a fanaticism which never seems able to stand before the chink of a gold and silver coin. No one who reads General Ferrier's book can fail to see that Mahometanism driven from Afghanistan would be soon driven from Persia. In Bulgaria, and in other provinces under the direct or indirect control of Turkey, the Christian population is encroaching on the Mahometan. The occupation of Algeria by France is tantamount to the expulsion of Mahometanism from Northern Africa. Mahometanism then is rather in a declining state, except perhaps in Arabia, where the wind of the desert purifies it. Yet how long things that are dead seem to be alive, especially things religious! Spit on them, trample on them, drag them with a hook to the dunghill, yet nobody will believe that they are dead unless we bury them. Do not think it unworthy of thee, O England, that thou art summoned to Afghanistan to bury Mahometanism. Take as thy reward the riches of the valley, the riches of the mountain, and the riches of the city. Well do I know thee, O England; thy faith really is that it is possible to serve God and Mammon, and immense is thy joy in the assurance that righteousness exalteth a nation. There may have been many English women, but I doubt whether there have been many English men, who did good from the mere love of goodness. An Englishman has always one eye on Heaven and another on the parish vestry. Throw him on his individuality, and he will live and die heroically; but, though he may outgrow worldly motives, he always begins with them. You must show him in Afghanistan a chance of safe investment; and if you speak to him of the Oriental sheep you must lift up its fat tail to his gaze. Be persuaded then, my English brother, that there is a fat tail in what I have been proposing to thee. But thank not me: rather thank

General Ferrier for the proposal. I should never have either known Afghanistan so well or cared so much about it if I had not read his book. It is not a book to be criticised, though criticism has taken its due place at the beginning of this article; it is the dashing hither and thither in speech of an old soldier. Mr. Murray is, perhaps, rather too much inclined to keep up the aristocratic exclusiveness of his position by publishing heavy books at heavy prices. But this is not one of them. It is odd that the liveliest and the dullest of British publishers should both belong to the Tory party. Mr. Blackwood's volumes have generally leaped and shrieked with life; Mr. Murray's have been so frigidly formal, that we bow to them and pass on without shaking hands. To General Ferrier we have not merely bowed; we have sat down with him to a repast so rich that the very crumbs are a luxury.

ATTICUS.

FOX-HUNTERS PAINTED BY A FRIENDLY BRUSH.

The Master of the Hounds. By SCRUTATOR. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1859.

SHORTLY after the death of the late Thomas Asheton Smith, Esq. (a gentleman of great mark among the Nimrods of the age), a very painful sensation was caused among the sporting community by the appearance of a very ill-judged and unjust letter in the *Times*, reflecting upon the memory of the dead, and suggesting that Mr. Smith was the type of a class whose members live only for self-gratification in a very low order of pleasures and pursuits. Nothing but the vast power and prestige of the journal in which that letter appeared could have rendered necessary either notice or reply; yet, as it was, the sportsmen of England were roused almost to a man, and denunciations poured in from all quarters against the calumniator of their body. We should have thought that, with any one who has given himself the trouble to understand anything about the true state of the case, refutation of the absurd outcry which is occasionally raised against the sport of fox-hunting would be quite unnecessary. The arguments against it—if they be worth such a term—are trite, and may be summed up upon the fingers: loss of time, risk of neck, worthlessness of fox, and damage to fields and fences. But, assuming all these to be cogent reasons—which they most certainly are not—is it nothing in the scale that this sport has gifted England with the most magnificent and powerful body of horsemen that the world ever saw? The fox-hunters of England are to be numbered not by hundreds or by thousands, but by tens of thousands—the most part fine, stalwart, fearless men, with good seats and good horses, bone and muscle equal to any labour, endurance to last the longest distance, and courage and skill to cope with any difficulties. What a body of cavalry would the various hunts of this country make, should foreign invasion ever compel them to coalesce for the defence of that soil which they own and which they till; for it is among the landowners and the farmers that the true fox-hunter is generally found. What a body of cavalry do they not already form; for the pith of the yeomanry cavalry is bred in the hunting field. What the coasting colliers are to the navy, that are the fox-hunters to the cavalry—a good school, where all those qualities may be learnt which render a man fit for action.

But it generally happens that when a body is attacked that requires no defence, those injudicious friends who rush forward to the breach do the cause more harm than good. *Qui s'accuse s'accuse* is a good old maxim, and experience has long ago determined that a blundering defence is more dangerous than the strongest attack. Even "Scrutator"—a name well known to the sporting community as a writer upon hunting matters—tries his hand at a defence, where no defence was needed, and, truth to speak, miserably fails.

In his dedication to Lord Stamford and Warrington (whom "Scrutator" regards as the *ne plus ultra* of a sportsman and a gentleman, and whom he lauds as being "as much the *répandu* of the *élite* of Grosvenor-square—as much at home at St. James's—as he was at Quorndon or at Ashby pastures"), "Scrutator" avows that the characters are depicted from real life, and that he has endeavoured to show that "Masters of Foxhounds do not, as they have been grossly misrepresented, *live for fox-hunting alone*." Some of our readers must bear in memory the former attempt of this writer, "The Squire of Beechwood," perhaps one of the weakest and

most commonplace novels that ever appeared in this age of weak and commonplace fiction writing. If so, they will not have forgotten the self-sufficient, narrow-minded, touchy, puritanical character of that would-be paragon of virtue, the Squire; the angelic but quarrelsome young lady whom, after a series of tiffs prolonged through three weary volumes, he married; and the convenient friend or go-between whose sole object in life appeared to be the continual reconciliation of these uncomfortable lovers. Now if it were possible for a man to write a book and publish it, forget all about it, and then write the very same book again, and publish it in a somewhat worse form, we should be inclined to say that this is precisely what "Scrutator" has done. Will Beauchamp, the hero of the present work, is the very counterpart of the Squire of Beechwood: he is to the full as arrogant, as narrow-minded, as puritanical, and as morbid as his prototype. The author wishes us to credit him with all the virtues incident to humanity, but proves nothing in his favour but a fine person, a good seat on horseback, and a precocious ability for handling hounds. The heroine, Miss Blanche Douglas (who marries the Master of the Hounds, after refusing two eligible Marquises in his favour, and escaping abduction by a *vaurien* of a peer), is also cut out to the very same pattern as the heroine in "The Squire;" there are the same constant quarrels, the same meaningless disputes and unstable reconciliations: everybody is constantly treading upon everybody else's corns in precisely the same manner, and without the faintest excuse possible. The only material point of difference between Will Beauchamp and the Squire is that the latter had but one go-between to negotiate between himself and his *inamorata*, whereas the former must have two—a peer of the realm, one Lord Malcolm, and a certain Bob Conyers alternately assuming the character of Sir Pandarus of Troy. "Scrutator's" view of life, as illustrated by these two works, has at least the merit of consistency. With him the sum of human pleasures appears to consist of plenty of good foxes and a first-rate pack, balls with plenty of quadrilles (of waltzing and ballet dancing he has a special detestation) a great many good dinners, with wine galore, and a great deal of brandy and water. We have not calculated the matter very minutely, but we should say that in these three volumes at least a dozen runs, twenty dinners, and a dozen balls are minutely described—whilst what an Irishman terms "the dhrink" is constantly turning up. A glass of wine is the panacea for every woe and every difficulty. Even when the heroine has overdone herself at a ball, her cousin, Lord Malcolm, prescribes "half a bottle of champagne;" whereupon the lady declares that she shall be "as fresh as ever after supper." Upon another occasion the same lady is invited to drink off a bumper by Will Beauchamp's father, who urges her not to "make two bites at a cherry—off with it, child—a bottle of this sort would do you no harm."

We must really leave it to the fox-hunting community to decide whether the sketches of their manners to be found in these volumes at all resemble the originals—whether, for example, the following is a fair sample of the after-dinner conversation which usually takes place among country gentlemen at their own houses:

"And pray who asked your opinion, Mr. Conyers?" inquired Lord Mervyn.

"I choose to express it, sir, in defence of an honest servant, who is unjustly accused," retorted Bob.

"Then, sir," replied Lord Mervyn, in a furious passion, "I neither wish for your company, Mr. Beauchamp's, his hounds, or his whippers-in, at any of my coverts again."

"Glad to hear it, my Lord; an open foe is preferable to a pretended friend: and now you have taken up the cudgels against half the county, we shall soon see who will be the first to cry, 'Hold, enough!'"

"I care neither for you nor any of your ragamuffin followers," replied Lord Mervyn, his passion carrying him beyond all bounds.

"In which number, I suppose, I must consider myself included," exclaimed Sir Lucius Gwynne, his Welsh blood beginning to boil up.

"As you please, sir," was the rejoinder.

"Then, my Lord Mervyn," said Sir Lucius, rising from his chair, and seizing a decanter, "retract that expression, or I'll throw this bottle at your head."

"You will?"

"Yes, sir, I will. You, you upstart spawn of a lawyer's clerk, smuggled into the House of Peers for doing the Government's dirty work, you call me a ragamuffin; by Jove! sir, I'll scatter your foul brains

about your shoulders, if you don't beg my pardon this instant."

Tyler, who was a friend of Lord Mervyn's, whispered in his ear, "It must be done, Mervyn; pray apologise, or you must meet him; and he is a dead shot."

The crossfelled Lord muttered some explanation.

"That won't do, sir," exclaimed Gwynne; "speak out, that all may hear."

"I did not intend to apply the term I used to you, Sir Lucius."

"Very well, my Lord; that saves you from a broken head, or a bullet through your body, this time," resuming his seat.

This may or may not be a close adherence to the truth of nature—we can only hope that it is not;—but we are quite certain that when a young lady receives a present from her lover she usually contrives to express her thanks in terms less stilted than these: "Yes, dear William, I will indeed treasure this little trinket for your sake, although you are seldom absent from my thoughts, and your love to me is far beyond all earthly treasures." Nor does it seem at all probable to us that, when the lady of a house offers to bet Mr. Bob Conyers five shillings that there is a fox under the laurels, even that prosy individual would think it necessary to reply in such a sentence as this:

"Thank you, my dear madam, for your kind offer of relieving my pocket of its contents, which may possibly amount to the sum you have named, and which I should most certainly lose, were I rash enough to accept such a wager. As we are all well aware of your and Mr. Compton's liberality in catering for your friends in pink jackets, there is no person to whom I could hand over five shillings with less reluctance than to yourself; but, as my purse is not on any day of the week inconveniently burdened with the coin of the realm, and on hunting days contains only sufficient for the contingencies which may occur, such as a feed of corn and bucket of gruel for my horse, probably a lost shoe or two, and a glass of brandy and water for myself, with a few little extras for ostler and turnpikes on my road to and from hunting, I could not venture on such a hazard as an even bet, although I would not refuse four to one, which I think are the fair odds against a fox being found in that bed of laurels."

Again, low as may be the opinion which "Scrutator" contrives to give us of his hero, we should scarcely have expected him to inform his mistress that, although he will not fight a duel with a rival, he is prepared to meet him at a "game of fives." Whereupon the lady very naturally asks:

"What does a game of fives mean, William?" inquired Blanche.

"This," said Beauchamp, good-humouredly, placing his clenched hand in hers; "four fingers and a thumb make a bunch of five or a fist, which is man's natural weapon of defiance. But don't be alarmed, dear Blanche," he said, lowering his voice; "I will promise not to fight, if you will promise not to flirt with him, or let him make love to you."

With these and similar improbabilities does this extraordinary book abound. There is a scene of a trial at the assizes, in which the witnesses (Beauchamp and his friends) bully the opposite counsel and make speeches to the jury. There is a scene at Almack's, where a country squire thinks fit to entertain his partner—whom he has met for the first time—with an account of all his early amours, commencing with an adventure with the housemaid at the school where he was educated. These things, we repeat, seem scarcely natural to us: nor does our experience lead us to believe that when a captain of the Guards has been accepted by a young lady for her partner in a dance, his form of reply would be anything like "Thank you, Miss Douglas, feel greatly honoured, and all that sort of thing;"—or that, when one master of hounds welcomes another to a ball and asks him if it be his intention to dance, it would be quite civil in the latter to reply: "I don't come here, Beauchamp, to make a fool of myself by attempting such a feat as that, which suits only herring-made fellows like yourself;"—or even that a young lady of respectable connections would be likely to converse in this manner at a dinner table:

"But who on earth is that fright of a woman opposite, with a face like a cook?"

"Hush, Selina! that is Mrs. Winterbottom, the wife of that little round-faced, red-nosed man, sitting next Mrs. Compton, a retired brewer, who has lately purchased a large estate lying between the Holt and the forest, so that the Squire was obliged to do the civil thing, and invite him to Bampton, to save the foxes."

"Goodness! what a name, Bob. She may feel very wintry below; but there is more than summer

heat above, to judge by those peony-looking cheeks." Gwynne, who sat next to the lady, seeing the sort of person he had to deal with, kept plying her with champagne every time it was handed round the table, until she exclaimed, "Lorks, Sir Lucius, I feel quite swikey already."

"Oh, never mind," replied Gwynne, ready to burst with suppressed laughter. "Champagne goes for nothing; just puts people into spirits—that's all."

"Heavens, what a woman!" exclaimed Selina in fits of laughter; "swikey already! Why, Bob, she will be roaring drunk before dinner is over, and under the table."

"By Jove, Selina, if you run on in this fashion, I must bolt, as I am nearly choked already in bolting my dinner. Pray be quiet, can't you?"

"'Tis impossible, Bob; can't be done. I have set my mind on a regular spree to-night, and suspect my situation before morning will be about the same as Mrs. Featherbottom's—I shall feel demmed swikey. Eh! aw! the Captain looks as if he had swallowed his fork instead of his fish. What does he say, Bob?"

With all due deference to "Scrutator" and his experience of life, we should be inclined to imagine that men and women who talk in this manner scarcely come up to that standard whereby society is in the habit of measuring cultivated ladies and gentlemen. This, however, is a question which we must leave to be settled between "Scrutator" himself and the class that he has so grossly injured by his defence.

FROM NEW YORK TO DELHI.

From New York to Delhi, by way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. By ROBERT B. MINTURN, jun. London: Longman and Co.

MR. MINTURN landed in Calcutta, after flying visits to Australia and China, in the autumn of 1856. Thence he proceeded on his tour through the north-west provinces to Delhi, and afterwards by way of Agra, Jaipur, and Oojen to Bombay. The time was critical. The natives, Hindoo and Mahomedan, bowed low to the stranger Sahib; petty Rajahs came out to greet him, invited him to their homes, and wished him well upon his going; but Mr. Minturn saw no signs of that storm which was so soon to burst. In Cawnpore, in Lucknow, and in Delhi, the American traveller met only holiday sights, peaceful processions, and military ceremonies. Here and there a word, indeed, was let fall that some of the people of Oude had been slow to appreciate the "benefits" of English "annexation;" but this appeared a trifle. It was not till he had left India far behind that news of the outbreak overtook him, bringing him intelligence of the death of many an Englishman who had received him with a kindly welcome on his way. His experiences, therefore, have no reference to the rebellion; nor is his attempt to give them a temporary interest very happy. A writer who would flatter the popular sentiment on great public events has no time to lose. If he does not hasten, a change may come before his sheets are stitched. This appears to have been Mr. Minturn's fate. His unbounded approbation of our Indian policy and government, his faith in the ingenious atrocities of the Sepoys, and the general ferocity of his tone in speaking of the natives, are, happily, now in England things of the past.

Mr. Minturn is a man of energy, and a believer in physical force to an extent which ought to find favour in the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. With him the duty of the "Anglo-Saxon" is to "annex," and "civilise," and keep a "tight hand" over everybody. On his first landing in Calcutta the natives—"niggers" he calls them—crowded around him so much "with their black, oily bodies," that he found a "vigorous beating" necessary "to keep them at a respectful distance." At Lucknow his servant extricated him cleverly "from a troublesome predicament" in which he had put himself, "by beating a moonshee" (native clerk or agent, something equal to an English country postmaster) of the Dak Company. On another occasion, when his attendants ran away from him, he says: "I tied them together with the turban of one of their number, and flogged them back to the dhoolie." This he assures us "in India is the most natural thing in the world, and similar occurrences are constantly happening." Blowing away Indians from guns he defends, as only "apparent barbarity," entailing no greater suffering than hanging. In many towns of India he tells us that he saw leopards tied up and perfectly tame, "being kept so by the fear of a certain iron rod;" and he suggests the fact to the "Anglo-Saxon" rulers of India as "a parable." His peculiar views on annexation may be seen in the following paragraph:

No one who sympathises with the restoration of order in France by the Great Napoleon ought to object to the annexation of native territories by the Company. The two cases are almost exactly parallel. In both we have the forcible substitution of a good government for a bad one—of law for anarchy. In both certain rights were necessarily violated, and certain classes offended. Whatever differences there are in the two cases are in favour of the English. The tyranny of a native government is worse than that of the Bourbons, or of the Revolutionary authorities. In France there was a large class who were much attached to the old Royal government: in an Indian state such a class is small, and consists of the Government officials who live by extortion, and the feudal princes who grow rich by violence and plunder. In France, too, if Napoleon had not arisen, the Bourbons would probably have been restored, and would have inaugurated a government purified of the abuses which had driven them from the throne.

As to the wickedness of the natives, Mr. Minturn has much to tell us, although he travelled so fast, and always so well guarded by his attendants, that his evidence is, of course, chiefly hearsay. The columns of the Anglo-Indian papers during the full terror of the rebellion appear to have supplied him with most of his information on these points. "The manners of a native of standing," he tells us, "are as polished as those of the most refined nobleman in Paris; perhaps more so: his mind and his character as foul and depraved as those of the most degraded outcast of that capital." Every native capital, he assures us, "is a nursery of the darkest crimes," and so on. As to the alleged Sepoy atrocities his credulity is unbounded. The story of the Christian woman, found "hanging in the agonies of crucifixion" by the English army which forced its way into Delhi, figures in his volume without a note, although it has long since been disproved by the evidence of English officers present on the occasion referred to. In like manner we are told of "a little boy who had been nailed head downwards" to a wall and "left to die;" of certain Englishwomen who had "perished in unutterable shame;" and many other stories equally offensive and untrue.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, Mr. Minturn is a lively writer, and when describing what he has himself seen is worth reading. Here is a scene in Delhi, immediately before the outbreak:

We returned to the city, and after dinner I drove in a buggy through the Chandee chok, or Silver market, which is altogether the handsomest street in India. It is about a mile in length, extending from the great western entrance of the palace, to the Laboree gate of the city. Its breadth is 120 feet, and an open aqueduct bordered by rows of trees runs through its centre. The houses on each side are mostly of pukka, and not over two stories high. Their roofs are tiled, and they have light wooden balconies in front, which add much to the appearance of the street. The ground floor of these houses is commonly used for shops; the upper stories are often inhabited by what the natives call "scarlet ladies," and by other "great evils of great cities" in the East. When I was at Delhi, Chandee chok was the gayest scene in India. Every native who could muster a conveyance of any description betook himself thither in the cool of the afternoon. Some came on elephants, which were magnificently caparisoned, and painted with bright colours around the eyes and on the trunk. Others rode milk-white horses, the tails of which were dyed scarlet, and which were decorated with housings of fine cloth and gold embroidery. Others rode in ballees, or two-wheeled carts covered with red canopies, and drawn by neat teams of bullocks. A few preferred palkees, or tonjons, a vehicle very like the jan-pan of the hills. But at least half had abandoned oriental fashions, and, adopting the manners and customs of their conquerors, drove on the chok in graceful English phaetons or buggies, drawn by well-groomed and well-harnessed Arab steeds. All had as many followers as possible, who ran ahead armed with sword, spear, and shield, shouting out their master's titles, and clearing the way, with words and blows, through the closely packed crowd. The dress of the inhabitants of Delhi is very gay. The tight-fitting cassock (chupkan) is of some dark cloth or flowered cotton, and the turban and kummurbund are of scarlet or some rich colour, often fringed with gold. Sometimes Cashmere shawls, or the imitation ones made at Delhi, are worn around the head, waist, or shoulders. Some of the costumes are very rich and costly, but most of them are tawdry, and decorated with spangles and artificial jewellery. In Delhi there are a great number of "dandy Moosulmans." They are frequently sepoy, who pass their spare time as *coureurs d'aventures*. Their dress is as showy as their limited means will allow, and they wear a natty little skull-cap, cocked on one side of the head, from which their long, straight, greasy hair hangs down upon their neck. Their appearance is altogether far from respectable, and they interchange salutations with the young ladies of the market, who sit at the windows of the upper stories, or parade

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their charms in open bailes. Now and then one may see an Afghan, a short, thick-set man, with loose grey woollen clothes, broad, heavy features, a dirty face, of the colour of leather, and brown tangled locks. He evidently looks with the utmost contempt on the unmanly foppery of the effeminate race whom his ancestors have conquered and spoiled whenever they chose; and if asked his opinion, will express it in no measured terms, and in language far different from the courtly euphemisms of the Hindoostanee. Half way down the Chandee chök is a pretty little mosque, with three gilt domes, where, scarcely more than one hundred years ago, Nadur Shah, the Persian conqueror, sat with drawn sword, looking on while his troops sacked the city. The slaughter lasted from morning till night, and was accompanied by all the horrors of unrestrained lust, rapine, and vengeance. Over a hundred thousand of the inhabitants perished, and the aqueduct in the Chandee chök ran red with blood.

Strangers who meditate imitating Mr. Minturn's Indian tour as soon as tranquillity is restored would do well to assure themselves that their bodies are well seasoned to fatigue, and able to bear the changes of climate. A fever or other fit of sickness on the road is an awkward incident. Mr. Minturn suddenly fell sick at Umballa, where, though he had the luck to find "comfortable quarters," he lay sick for a month, and never thought to reach Bombay. His account of his mishap may furnish some useful hints:

I was waited on, or rather ought to have been waited on, by a young and dandified Moosulman servant, to whom I promised abundant backuses if he would take good care of me. But seeing that I could not get out of bed to chastise him and enforce obedience, he used to absent himself nearly all day, so that I was quite alone except two visits a day from the doctor, and one from Mr. Vauquelin. For this treatment on the part of my servant I kept nursing up feelings of revenge, and at length I had an opportunity of paying him off. For the first few days the doctor would not let me eat anything, but on the third day he told me that I might have a little arrow-root in the evening. The method of preparing this article of food was fully explained to the "bearer," and he faithfully promised to have it ready at eight o'clock. Accordingly I kept awake past my usual hour of going to sleep; but eight o'clock came and no bearer; another hour passed—it was nine, and still no signs of the servant. Yet another hour I lay there, almost frantic with the mingled emotions of hunger, sleepiness, hope deferred, and impotent rage. At length, at ten o'clock, my dandy made his appearance. He brought me my supper. At the sight of it all my anger vanished. I seized the bowl with eagerness, and beheld—not the rich gelatinous mass, upon the expectation of which my fancy had been gloating for twelve hours, but a pint of tepid water upon which floated some lumps of undissolved arrow-root. This was too much for a sick man's endurance. I knew the fellow would not have dared to treat me so if he had supposed that I was well enough to get out of bed and chastise him for his carelessness and inattention. I felt as if my life depended on that bowl of arrow-root, and having tasted one spoonful of the nauseous mixture, and spit it all back again into the bowl, my long pent-up exasperation found vent, and I threw the whole thing at the fellow's head. It did not hurt him much, but it deprived him of caste. The food which I had tasted had touched his lips. "Oh! Representative of God; oh! Reliever of Slaves; oh! Provider for the Poor," he cried, "I am dead! my caste is gone!" I told him that he ought to take more care of a sick man, and the lesson had a good effect, as he was pretty attentive after this occurrence. The next day the other Moosulman servants held a Panchayat, or Council of Five, over him, and read him out of caste—a thing they do on the least pretext, as the person so ejected has to give them a feast to procure his readmission. All the rest of the time that I remained at Umballa this servant kept wearying me with entreaties for three rupees to give the above-mentioned feast. Sometimes he would put his head under my feet, and after my recovery, whenever I went out, I was sure to find him on my way ready to prefer his prayers. But, although wearied with his importunities, I never gave him anything for the purpose, as I considered it a very just punishment, and besides, the wages which I paid him, and which were far more than he had earned, were amply sufficient to defray these expenses, and leave something over for his trouble. My days passed rather wearily. I was awakened before dawn by the morning gun, and bugles sounding the réveille. From that time sleep was impossible. The thunder of artillery and the rattle of small arms lasted until eight. From that time there were no events, except the visit of the doctor and Mr. Vauquelin. I used to lie in bed and calculate the probability of dying from the length of the doctor's face. I even began writing a letter, to be sent home in case of my demise. After a week's starvation, we got rid of the fever, and I began rapidly to mend.

Readers who are not weary of the subject may find some amusement in Mr. Minturn's volume.

The Art Journal.—The popular fine-art magazine declares itself of age; it is twenty-one years old. We congratulate it; we are proud that the popular taste for art in Great Britain and its offshoots is proved so decisively by the prosperity of the *Art Journal*. It has enjoyed a truly lusty youth—has grown and developed. We almost think it is necessary that it should now fill out its large frame, become more solid, and form a decisive character. Let us see. First, the engravings—they are good, and from good pictures, worthy to be engraved. "The Bunch of Grapes," by Metz, is a Dutch lady in a vine-encircled lattice window, with a deep shadowed wall. "The Waterfall," by Zucherelli, is an extensive sunny landscape, with a winding river and prominent figures; it might have been rendered with more delicacy, and thus have given the soft ethereal feeling of the picture. They are from the Queen's collection, and are accompanied with good memoirs, &c. A long article on Fra Angelico da Fiesole gives an elegant and gossiping narrative of the contemporaries, the life, and the works of the Florentine monk. The Winter Exhibition is briefly criticised, and a short description is given of the new pictures at the National Gallery. M. Joubert's process of hardening engraved plates is described. "The Book of the Thames" has reached the Nore Light and the ancient Reenvers, and is brought to a close. "Monument and Memorials" is a short article, illustrated, on the ornament of tombs and their materials. Mr. Dresser continues his articles on botany. An account of a picture exhibition at Ballarat, in Australia, is startling information of the pictures painted there, as well as others from England. Mr. Hunt writes on vegetable gums. The new bazaar in Oxford-street is noticed. Mr. Pyne, in the correspondence, inquires for the maker of a varnish which he finds never blooms under the most adverse circumstances, and which was sent him by the maker many years ago. "Art for the People" gives due credit to Mr. Morton, of the Canterbury Hall, for the expenditure of 15,000*l.* in his new picture gallery. Continental Art, International Art-copyright, and several short articles, with minor topics of the month, complete the literary contents of the number. The sculpture is Bailey's statue of Stephenson.

The Social, Political, and Commercial Advantages of Direct Steam Communication and Rapid Postal Inter-course between Europe and America, via Galway, Ireland. By PLINY MILES. (London: Trübner.)—A pamphlet written for the purpose of directing the American passenger trade and postal communication through Ireland. The statistics, if they be correct, satisfactorily establish the superior rapidity of the route, and there can be no doubt that both Americans and Irish would be benefited by the change. The only people from whom any opposition need be reasonably expected is the English.

Great Facts: a popular History of the most remarkable Inventions during the present century. By F. C. BAKEWELL. (Houlston and Wright.)—A book well fitted for the use of ingenuous and ingenious youth; reviewing the progress of steam navigation and locomotion, photography, the electric telegraph, electro-metallurgy, gas-lighting, printing machines, tubular bridges, and the other beneficial inventions which Science, during the past half-century, has bestowed upon mankind. The volume is handsomely bound, and is illustrated by appropriate engravings.

Florence: a Tale. By M. E. HAMMOND. (London: James Blackwood.)—A lady's novel, and probably her first;—style, at any rate, pronounces it to be so. The story is not uncommonplace, nor are the characters either rare in the world of fiction, or common (indeed possible) in the world of life. Yet we like the little volume for all this: it is readable, graceful, sometimes sparkling, and the moral is good. What more is needed? By a few, much; by the many, none. So that, altogether, we may without flattery predict that *Florence* will be not unpopular.

The Golden-Rule Story Books. (London and Edinburgh: James Hogg and Sons.)—A collection of twenty-four little story books for children, probably derived from an American source, seeing that the *locus* of most of the tales is laid there. The lessons inculcated are always good, and the style likely to arrest the attention of those for whose use they have been written.

A Christmas, the Next Christmas, and the Christmas After That. By THEOPHILUS OPEN. (London: James Blackwood.)—A tale of a boy who goes to sea and is lost for a time, but is finally restored to his afflicted family; nothing more—but prettily told, and with pathos. It is divided between three Christmas days, on the first of which the hero becomes a sailor; on the second, his relatives hear of his loss; and on the third, he suddenly returns.

The Butterfly Vivarium; or, Insect Home. By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS. (London: William Lay.)—This is another of those elegant works which Mr. Humphreys has contributed to the library of dilettanti naturalists. Applying to the insect world the same principles which have so successfully applied to marine zoology and cryptogamic vegetation, he contrives to make a very beautiful ornament and interesting means for scientific observation in the shape of what he calls a "Butterfly Vivarium"—a glass case so arranged with flowers, weeds, and water, as to give

every opportunity and supply every necessary for the conversion of the caterpillar into the perfect butterfly or moth. Such a pursuit cannot fail to become popular, and Mr. Humphreys's book appears to contain everything necessary to its successful practice. The volume is very tastefully bound in green cloth and gold, and is illustrated with eight very beautiful coloured engravings, representing the most beautiful species of butterflies and other insects.

Memorials of Christian Martyrs and other Sufferers for the Truth in the Indian Rebellion. By the Rev. WILLIAM OWEN. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—The success of Mr. Owen's "Life of Havelock" has induced him to publish the present volume. It is a collection of records, gathered from various sources, as to the fate of many Christians who died in the mutiny, and how they met their fate; and is intended to show how the faith of the Saviour awakens the highest and truest courage in the bosom that entertains it, whether belonging to a European or a native convert.

A Widow's Reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow. (London: James Nisbett.)—We presume that this is to be the last of the Lucknow books; for surely every detail of that memorable event has been laid before the public by this time, and what but some important addition to the present stock of facts will authorise the addition of another volume to what is already—a library? The "Reminiscences" of "a Widow" add nothing to what we already know of the siege. In her preface she declares that her wish is merely "to give in simple truthfulness a detail of those domestic occurrences which fell immediately under her own observation during the siege of Lucknow;" and, as her narrative is really simple and graceful, we have no doubt that it is also truthful, and that her little journal will be acceptable to many who had sad reason to interest themselves in the progress of that terrible siege.

The Boy's Own Toy Maker. By E. LANDELLS. (Griffiths and Farran.)—This little volume is a boon from Mr. Landells, the eminent wood engraver, to all the ingenious little boys in England, for which they ought to feel greatly obliged to him, and at which all professional toy makers are sure to grudge. Mr. Landells teaches his young friends how to apply their artistic and mechanical abilities, and by the aid of a pencil, knife, and pair of scissors, construct the most elaborate toys for themselves. The idea is an admirable one, and Mr. Landells deserves as much of thanks for spending his time in the development, as he does of praise for the admirable manner in which he has carried it out. Who shall tell how many incipient Watts or sucking Arkwrights this juvenile mechanician's hand-book may not urge forward on their careers.

The Ways of the Line: a Monograph of Excavators. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—A very praiseworthy attempt to vindicate the character of railway "navvies" on the part of a lady who has had ample opportunity for judging their characteristics. Both from narratives of personal intercourse and extracts from their letters, she successfully establishes that her *protégés* are by no means the coarse, ignorant, godless beings they are usually supposed to be; but are, on the contrary, many of them, steady, reasonable, teachable, and grateful creatures, with hearts and heads as strong as their arms.

We have also received *The Wild Flowers of England.* By Robert Tyas, M.A., Part VIII. (Houlston and Wright.)—Routledge's Shakespeare, edited by H. Staunton, Part 30.—*The Pulpit Observer*, No. 8 (Judd and Glass).—*The Congregational Pulpit*, No. XLVI. (Judd and Glass).—Vol. VI. of the same publication, conducted by the Rev. T. G. Horton.—*Cheering Words for Weary and Troubled Believers.* By Rev. Alfred Tyler (Judd and Glass).—*Auricular Confession; or, shall Britain be Romanised?* By the Rev. James Martin (Judd and Glass).—*The Prayer Book and its History.* A Lecture, by the Rev. G. Akehurst (Wertheim).—*Arithmetic for Beginners:* being an introduction to Cornwell and Fitch's Science of Arithmetic. By the same authors. Fourth Edition (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

WE can still talk of galvanism and gas, and of sorgho and beet-root. The Bourse and Bacchus be praised, something may be said about *rentes* and brandy without offence! Cotton and corn may be quoted; but there are subjects as vital to back and belly which may not be quoted. Upon intellect, food, and clothing, prohibitive duties have been imposed—they are in a manner "barred and banned;" and consequently the Parisians betake themselves to old habits in literature. They laugh and grin, abound in *canevas* and *calembours*. They show some light of life in a fantastically scooped-out turnip. The turnip must not represent a death's-head, but a vegetable Grimaldi. To make people laugh is safe on the whole; to make people think is the height of danger. But the people—the people remote from the metropolis—do not wish to think. *Laissez faire* is their motto. Who cares who may reign, so long as we are left in quiet possession of our patrimonies? Let us grow our rye, and the King of Yvetot may reign: let potatoes and cabbages flourish, and King Log may flourish also. If dogmatism is a curse to a community, there is an indifference which in the end is a greater curse to it. Politics are well in their way when we require an excitement; politics as the case stands now are soporifics, and the journalist must administer to the humour of the day. His gravity is tiresome; his maxims are so many texts in large hand in the school copy-book, very stiff and very pedantic. Wisdom may cry herself hoarse upon the house-top, and retire to her attic without an audience. The journal and journaletti are, consequently, made up of the most superficial materials—jokes, jests, puns, wrapped-up scandal, malicious sugar-sticks, and envenomed bon-bons. The great world shut out, the *demi-monde* and the no world at all are made prominent. The sayings and doings of actors and actresses, the adventures of lorettes, the loves of grisettes, are made more account of than the doings of statesmen and philosophers. By way of illustration, we shall not cull, but take at random, from the "light literature" of the week. What may be very funny may be, at the same time, very sad. Such matters as the following there are thousands who read.—The mother of an actress of the thirteenth order reproached her want of politeness, tamity, and breeding towards directors, authors, journalists, and those who behind the back-scenes are called *messieurs*. "You will never attain anything, you will never make an income!" said the Tartar mother. "Go to! Can't you be a little more amiable? Do so for me, your mother! If not for me, for your son; or, in short, do it for your carriage!"—Again, we read that Mademoiselle Boulart has abruptly broken her engagement with the Opéra Comique. "*Perché?*" "*Nessun lo sa!*" Mademoiselle Boulart is a very pretty person, who has a pretty voice, with which she serves herself, as with her pretty eyes, very prettily. She sang deliciously the *Pré aux Clercs* and *Jean de Paris*; she created *Don Pedro* very brilliantly; and no one could equal her in the *Noce de Jeannette*. Why does she go away? Why do they let her take her departure? And departure seems to be the word: for scarcely had theatrical agents scent of the affair, when offers of engagements and de-

mands for representations showered in upon her from the provinces.—Another piece of gossip runs: M. Emile de Girardin is nearly cured of his dislocation of the shoulder-bone. He has been able to appear at the Italiens one of these days, in the company of his brilliant young wife. The illustrious publiciste, whose tastes carry him more and more towards the fine arts, has bought the original of Pradier's grand statue of Hebe in marble. It is placed in the first saloon on the ground floor of that tragedy in stone which he occupies in the Champs-Élysées, against the Villa d'Albe. M. de Girardin possesses already another original in marble by Pradier, the "Nymph drawing water from a fountain," one of the boldest and most original attempts of one of the masters of modern sculpture. The information is harmless enough, and it is followed up by the anecdote: At the Taglioni benefit, the grand artiste asked a pretty ballet-girl, "What do you do, my dear?"—"Madame, I do grace." "Very well! and you, my dear?" she demanded of another. "I, Madame, I do vigour!" And by this other: There is a manager in Paris, a very amiable man, who has a hidden terror when any one comes to ask anything of him. Soon as he perceives any one approaching, his unquiet eye interrogates, scrutinises, and immediately he places himself on his guard to parry the thrust more or less serious. In most cases his fears make him take the offensive. "You come to ask me something?" he demanded of a friend. "It is true." "Diab! it is, it is!—I am very busy—and—" "I come to ask you—" "Impossible to-day—I have no time!" "News of your health?" "We shall speak of that another time—next time (*he rings his bell*). Pardon—the minister calls me!—*au revoir*—adieu! adieu!" He seized a portfolio, and made his escape, leaving his visitor stupefied. The pith of the foregoing may be lost through the fault of the translators. Take another *canevas*. Some days ago a provincial antiquary presented himself to M. Thiers, and offered him a gold box, the lid of which contained the miniatures of all the members of the Convention, to the moment of the condemnation of Louis XVI. M. Thiers rubbed his spectacles, and saw immediately that it was a *chef-d'œuvre* he held in his hands. "How much do you want for this object?" said he to the antiquary. "Seven hundred francs," replied the latter. "Very good; you shall have them." Next day M. Thiers submitted the box to a connoisseur, who valued it at five thousand francs. Inference: If M. Thiers is not an amateur of good taste, as some pretend, no one can say that he is not a lucky amateur.—To the opera; and we have it that, one day lately, a trap opened under the feet of a young and pretty *dansuse*. The charming girl disappeared and made a descent to the thirtieth beneath—to be killed, perhaps?—when a saving angel, in the form of a young man, darted to her aid, and caught her on the brink of the abyss. You smile? You are wrong. The story is quite true, and has had a very moral dénouement. Mademoiselle X. and Monsieur X. are married. Well, for M. X.; but, *que diable*, what business had he behind the scenes of the Opéra?—Such hits are made at an eminent literary man as this: "After his touching book *The Insect*, followed naturally his gracious volume

The Bird, M. Michelet has published this week his *Bit of Sugar*. The first edition is already exhausted. True talent knows how to give life to everything. There are no petty subjects, there are only great minds."—A final specimen. The scene is Homburg, on the banks of the Rhine. A young man, maltreated at *refait*, received in the course of the day 30,000 francs from the country. In the evening, wishing to know whether he was loved for himself, he went to walk in the woods, and said suddenly to the lady of the waters, whom he had for some days associated with his fortune. "I have lost my portfolio!" "What! the portfolio containing the 30,000 francs?" "Precisely." "Is it that, then, you have been looking after for an hour?" "Nothing else; and I shall be astonished if I find it with 30,000 francs." "There is nothing to laugh at," replied the lady, becoming thoughtful; "for I understand it will ruin you. You have nothing more in the hands of your banker?" "Not enough to bury me." The lady sank her head. A lady of the romantic school would have said: "What signifies your portfolio if your heart remains for me?" She contented herself by saying: "It is stupid! it is vexatious!" "But what vexes me more, Helena," said the young man, a sigh escaping his bosom, "is, that I must renounce your love." "Evidently," said the young woman, with the most charming simplicity; but, before saying an eternal adieu, let us search again."

Last Monday was borne to his premature grave a popular musical composer, Louis Abadie, author of the *Feuilles Mortes* and the *Plaintes du Mousse*. He had just put the finish to his *Album* for 1859, the best he had yet produced, at the head of which he had placed the sad precursor of his end, the melancholy waltz of the *Feuilles d'Automne*. The romance and the chansonnette were not the whole domain of Louis Abadie. Not long ago he had a melodious operette performed at the Theatre of the Palais Royal, which was agreeably sung by Mlle. Schneider and Lugnet.—M. L. Renier has reported to Prince Bonaparte on the Roman antiquities of Algeria. The ruins of Zarái are situated in the subdivision of Batna, the home of the Ouled-Sellam. Here, in excavating, last spring, the foundation for a water-mill for the Caid, Si-Moktar, a monument was discovered, a copy of which was made on oiled paper by an Italian, sent to France, and placed in the hands of M. Renier by the Minister of Public Instruction. The text is not quite complete, but the academician has done his best to decipher it. We confine ourselves to the translation of the monument, which runs thus:

The Emperors, Caesars, Lucius Septimus Severus and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus Pius being Consuls, the first for the third time. Toll regulations after the departure of the tenth cohort.—Regulations for the tolls payable per head: A slave, 1½ deniers; a horse or mare, 1½ deniers; he or she mule, 1½ deniers; a pig, —; a sucking-pig, —; a sheep or goat, —; beasts for the market, free of duty.—Regulations for foreign stuffs: Table carpets, 1½ deniers; bright tunics, 1½ deniers; bed covers, ½ denier; a purple sagon (sagum), 1 denier; other African stuffs, — a piece.—Regulations for leathers: A prepared skin, —; a skin with the hair upon it, —; a horse or she-goat skin, —. The soft *cordiscum*, one pound; the *topa*, — per quintal; ten pounds of glue, —; ten pounds

of sponges. — Principal regulations of the toll: Grazing cattle and beasts of burden are exempt from duty, and for other things see the chapter concerning them. — The amphora of wine, —; the amphora of date wine, —; dates, the quintal, $\frac{1}{2}$ denier; figs, the quintal, —; (cayet), the ten bushels, —; nuts, the ten bushels, —; pine resin for torches, —.

The duties here left blank are represented by characters which M. Renier, who gives an interesting review of the tariff, supposes to express fractions of the denier. The colony of Zarai was situated on one of the most frequented roads which conduct from the desert to Mauritania Casarea.

The following statement, which stands upon the authority of proceedings before the French tribunals, shows how a Raphael was estimated by the experts. Raphael set up at four shillings! In 1837 the Duke de Maille died, leaving to his heirs one of those magnificent galleries whose treasures the amateurs dispute when they are dispersed. The sale of this collection was made in the splendid apartments of the hotel of the defunct Duke. All the grand amateurs were present. A few dealers had contrived to introduce themselves. A picture, furnished with a frame, and bearing the words "Presented by the King," was placed upon the table by the expert valuer. Good. The picture rested exposed to the regards of this chosen public for ten minutes without a single bid. Cambriel was there. His practised eye recognised a *chef-d'œuvre*, and his heart leapt within him. "I bid ten francs," he said, containing his emotion. Not far from him stood another dealer, named Cousin. Knowing that Cambriel was a good connoisseur, he carried the offer to 15 francs—20 francs—40 francs—45 francs! Cambriel was about to cap this insignificant offer, when one of his friends, who was standing behind him, comprehending nothing of what was passing, and thinking to prevent him making a foolish bargain, clapped his two hands upon his mouth and stopped the offer on his lips. During this short silence the picture was knocked down to Cousin for 45 francs. "Wretched man," cried Cambriel, after he had released himself from the fatal restraint, "you have made me lose a Raphael!" In fact, it was a Raphael—a St. John, long admired in the gallery of the Louvre, from which it had been for many years absent. The Duke de Maille had obtained the sanction of Louis XVIII. to deposit it temporarily as an ornament for the church of Long-Pont. Some time afterwards the curé of this commune sent it back to its protector, for some repair judged necessary, and it had remained in the gallery of the Duke, which explains the sale, which was made by mistake and unknown to his family. The latter commenced an action against the purchaser. The administrator of the museum interposed. Cousin resisted. The affair went through all the degrees of a lawsuit. After the judgment, which ordered restitution to the museum, a confirmative decree was necessary in the Court of Appeal, and even a decree of the Court of Cassation to cause the restoration of the picture to the Louvre. The picture to this day is in the *magasins*. When the poor expert appraiser learned that he had placed on the table a Saint John for five francs, he experienced from his error such keen humiliation, that he lost his reason and died of grief.

M. Victor Foucher has published *Le Congrès de propriété littéraire et artistique tenu à Bruxelles*. M. Foucher was reporter to the Congress. The Belgian commission charged to prepare the bases of a law for artistic and literary property commenced its labours last Friday. It has named M. Faider its president, and M. Romberg its reporter.

The third part of Dr. Eiler's interesting work has appeared—*Mein Wanderung durch's Leben*. (My Wandering through Life: a contribution to the internal history of the first half of the nineteenth century.) This part chiefly occupies itself with religious and ecclesiastical matters. On the one hand he relates his experience as a government and provincial school-commissioner (*Schulrath*), and as member of the Rhenish provincial consistory during the well-known conflict between Church and State; on the other, he communicates his observations and inquiries respecting the party spirit of the then time, namely, the contest of Rationalism with stern unflinching Pietism. The four last sections of the work deserve the special attention of those who are interested in the Prussian politics of the present hour. In biography we have from Vienna *Kurzer Lebensabriss des*

Feld-Marschalls Joseph Grafen von Radetzky. (Short biographical sketch of J. Count v. R.) To the "general reader," who is often hard to please, this will prove a dry book. And yet it is not without interest. Indeed, the life of a man who lived ninety years and one in the world, and acted as a soldier, a general, and a governor, must present much that is instructive and calculated to interest. He was born on the 2nd November 1766, and died on the 5th January of the present year. What a stirring history is comprised between these two dates! Wars, revolutions, changes—the upheaving of thrones, the submission of dynasties, the renewal of the face of society! The author of the biography is Max Wimpfen, who thus concludes his narrative: "The Marshal wore the highest orders, the most in brilliants, and almost all from European sovereigns—if we mistake not, in number nearly forty. It were difficult to say whether these orders glorified him, or whether they did not acquire a higher worth from the breast which they covered. The hoary warrior, whose career as a field-marshal came to a close with the brilliant and important victory of Novara, and whose departure awoke a real grief in the national breast, will ever live in the grateful memory of his Emperor and of his entire country: he will shine on the pages of history. For with him one of the greatest men of all times has passed over to a better beyond—a noble, pious, and immortal general; and while he must be ranked with Montecucoli, Charles of Lotharingen, Eugene of Savoy, Laudon, Archduke Charles, and Prince Charles Schwartzberg, few can withhold from him the praise that he sought to exalt, and caused to be admired, the star of his country."

CATHERINE THE SECOND.

Memoirs de Catherine II., écrits par Elle-meme, et précédés d'une Préface par A. HERZEN. (Memoirs of Catherine the Second, written by Herself. With a Preface by ALEXANDER HERZEN.) London: Trübner. 1858.

Good service has been rendered to the literary world, and especially to students of Russian history, a rapidly-increasing class, by the publication of these very curious and interesting memoirs. They need little editing, and are given as they were left, in the rough, fragmentary and desultory, but written *propria manu* by their extraordinary authoress. Mr. Alexander Herzen, however—the "Iskander" whose "development of revolutionary ideas" yet circulates in surreptitious manuscript from hand to hand, and in silence and secrecy, throughout the Russian dominions, and whose magazine-manifesto, *Kokoroti* "The Bell," is even now ringing to the discomfiture of the ministers plenipotentiaries of the Czar at the courts of Europe—has prefixed some elucidatory remarks to the memoirs, tinged with his own somewhat ultra-democratic ideas, but servicable to those whose notions of the history of the Court of St. Petersburg are about as definite as those they may possess concerning the court of Katmandoo. As to the authenticity of the memoirs, the editor, we are of opinion, makes out a sufficiently clear case; and this established, their very title is a guarantee for the interesting nature of their contents. Catherine the Second painted by herself! The Semiramis of the North in her toilet wrapper; the inner life, the inner thoughts, of the magnificent and voluptuous Czarina, the Anna Comnena of Russo-Græcia, the "woman-Emperor," the friend of Pallas and Boërhave, the correspondent of Voltaire and Diderot, the imperial phenomenon who was equally an object of astonishment to Frederick of Prussia and to the Khan of the Crimea—surely the autobiography of a character so singular and superb has little want of recommendation to the attention of the curious. "Good wine needs no bush," and Empress Catherine the Second can afford to be her own trumpeter.

There are some noticeable circumstances bearing on the discovery of the documents to which we owe M. Herzen's volume. A few hours before the death of the Empress, her son, the Emperor Paul, ordered Count Rostoptchin to seal up his mother's papers. He was present at this sigillation. Among the letters was found that famous one from Alexis Orloff, in which, with a hand shaking with the ebriety of champagne and the nervous tremour of guilt, yet still in a tone of cynical hardihood, he announced to Catherine the assassination of her husband, Peter III. Again, there was a manuscript entirely in Catherine's hand, sealed in an envelope, and bearing

this inscription:—Его Императорскому Высочеству Цесаревичу и Великому Князю Павлу Петровичу любезному сыну моему. (To his Imperial Highness the Csesarewitch and Grand Duke Paul, my well-beloved son.) These were the memoirs now published. The new Emperor preserved strict secrecy as to their existence, confiding their whereabouts only to Prince Alexander Kouriakin, who had been a friend of his childhood, and suffering him indeed to execute one copy of their contents. Twenty years after the death of Paul, Alexander Tourgueneff and Prince Michael Woronzoff obtained in their turn copies from the duplicate made by Kouriakin; but, this coming to the knowledge of the Emperor Nicholas, orders were given to the secret police to seize all the copies that could be procured. There was notably one, written at Odessa by Pouschkin, the poet. The original manuscript was brought to the Czar by Count Bloudoff, sealed with the great signet of the state, and deposited among the most secret documents of the imperial archives. During the Crimean war, Sir Charles Napier and his three-deckers being in unpleasant proximity to Cronstadt, the archives were removed for safety to Moscow; and in the month of March 1855 the Emperor now reigning caused the precious document to be disinterred for his own perusal. Thenceforth a few copies were furtively circulated in the two capitals of the empire; and it is from one of these copies that Messrs. Trübner's typographers have "set up" the confessions of Catherine the Second in enduring long primer and brevier. The editor does not tell us how he himself became possessed of the requisite "copy." It is doubtless a democratic state secret, whose indiscreet revelation might even now convince some Russian Tchinovnik that exile to Siberia cannot be reckoned among the things wholly of the past.

It is to be regretted that the Czarina's reminiscences are brought to an abrupt termination towards the end of 1758—a date antecedent to her accession. It is said that some additional detached notes were in existence, which might have been serviceable towards the continuation of the work; but no one can tell with any degree of certainty what became of them. According to one report, Paul threw these notes into the fire. Yet that which remains is priceless. It is doubtful whether the memoirs of Catherine the Empress would have been as interesting or as veracious as those of Catherine the schoolgirl grand duchess. In their maturer years, sovereigns are somewhat given to shuffling and evasion—to "cooking the accounts" and "making things pleasant" in a biographical sense. We would rather peruse the diary of Napoleon Buonaparte, lieutenant in the artillery regiment of La Fère—did any such work exist—than the plausible but veneered "Mémoires de Sainte-Hélène."

Her Majesty's memoirs commence in 1729, and start, oddly enough, with a "syllogism." "Fortune," says the imperial logician, "is not so blind as it has been imagined. She is often but the result of measures executed with deliberation and decision—measures not appreciated by the vulgar, and which have preceded the event. More particularly is Fortune the result of individual qualities, of character and of personal conduct."

It is easy to prophesy after the "event;" and no doubt Catherine ascribed her possession of the throne of Russia to her "personal conduct"—personal enough, in all conscience, towards her unhappy husband. We wonder if Fortune or conduct had most to do in promoting the first Catherine from the post of barmaid at a beershop in Livonia to the rank of Czarina. But allow the greater Kate to complete her syllogism:

Qualities and characters (she says) shall be the major;
Conduct the minor,
Fortune or misfortune the result.
Behold two striking examples—
Peter III.
Catherine II.

The memoirs, it is true, break off in 1759; but it is easy to see that her Majesty's exordium was written after her syllogism was satisfactorily worked out—after she was Czarina and Peter was assassinated.

Catherine, Princess of Anhalt Zerbst-Bernbourg, arrived in Russia in her fifteenth year, accompanied by her mother, a poor, purse-proud, and sour-tempered German princess—a pedantic yet frivolous woman, who bullied her daughter, boxed her ears, purloined her new dresses, and appropriated them to herself. The young Princess's wardrobe was not extensive. She had

"one dozen chemises;" and mother and daughter—in the days when bed-linen was not provided at wayside inns—had one pair of sheets between them. As a chaperon and patroness she had the Empress Elizabeth, a coarse and evil-tongued virago, usually more than half intoxicated—a capricious valetudinarian, who fondled her favourites one moment and cuffed them the next; who abolished, in her tender-heartedness, the punishment of death, and caused Madame Lapoukhin's tongue to be cut out, after she had been publicly knouted under the most revolting circumstances of cruelty and indecency. Catherine's destined husband, the Grand Duke Peter, had been oddly caught up by the capricious Elizabeth as heir to the throne of All the Russias. He was the nephew of the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck, and the grandson of Peter the Great. His father, Charles Frederick Duke of Holstein Gottorp, who married Peter the First's sister, was likewise a nephew of Charles XII. of Sweden. Catherine I. beheld her intended husband at Entin, with his guardian, the Prince-Bishop—the boy being eleven and the girl ten years of age. At this almost infantile age, the Prince was already "given to drink," and his attendants had great difficulty in preventing him from inebriating himself at the dinner table. He was a sickly, rachitic child; and, even when grown up, continued puerile and frivolous. His favourite amusement was to make the servants who waited upon him go through the military exercise, promoting and degrading them according to the whim that seized him. When he was sixteen it was decided that he was nearly of age to be married; and, on the 9th of February, 1744, the Russian court being at Moscow, the little Princess of Anhalt Zerbst-Bernbourg was brought there, to be married to an idiotic stripling who was already a toper.

The Russian court was at this time divided into two factions—one headed by the Vice-Chancellor, Count Bestoujeff Rumine, an intriguing tyrannical man, and a creature of the Count of Vienna; and the second by the Marquis de la Chetardie, the French ambassador, who was all for the most Christian King's protégés Sweden and Prussia, and with whom was the notorious French physician Lestocq, who had been one of the principal actors in the revolution which raised Elizabeth to the throne. Besides these two factions, there was a family of Schouvaloffs, for whom the Empress had an inordinate predilection; and they counterbalanced the influence possessed by the (male) favourite, *en titre*, the Grand Huntsman Razoumovsky. What a model of a hornet's nest for the poor little North-German Princess, with her twelve chemises, to thrust her head "*coiffée à la Moïse*" into!

Peter first appeared to be tolerably pleased with his child-affianced; but after a very few days, pleading their "cousinage" as an excuse for open speaking, he avowed that he was desperately in love with one of the maids of honour who had been dismissed from court, in consequence of what Catherine mildly terms the "malheur" of her mother Madame Lapoukhin, who, after her scourging and mutilation, had been exiled to Siberia. "I thanked him for his premature confidence," writes Catherine; yet in my heart I looked with astonishment on his imprudence and want of judgment in a variety of instances!" A preceptor was designated to instruct the Princess in the tenets of the Greek Church; then came a French "ballet master" to teach her dancing; and finally one Basile Adadouroff, who was to instruct her in the Russian language. She applied herself with ardour to this last most difficult task, and studied with such intensity, that she would frequently rise in the dead of night to go over her exercises. Imprudent little Catherine! Her chamber being very warm, and she quite unused to the climate, and neglecting to put on her stockings ere she applied herself to her Slavonic grammar, she caught a *refroidissement* or chill, which was followed by pleurisy, and very nearly fatal consequences. The only notice which her mother took of her during her illness was to endeavour to make her recant her new-pledged religion, and return to the Lutheran faith; which Catherine, though hovering between life and death, stoutly refused to do. The exemplary lady availed herself of her daughter's convalescence to scold her out of a "blue and silver" dress, a present from her uncle. Ere long she made herself (the mother) so intolerably disagreeable at court, that there was some talk of sending both her and Catherine back to Anhalt Zerbst-Bernbourg. "You had better pack up your things," said the Count-Doctor

Lestocq to little Kate. The Grand Duke, who was present when the warning was given, did not evince the least sorrow at this possible bereavement of a bride. He had become, through his disposition, indifferent to me," writes Catherine; "but the crown of Russia was not so indifferent a matter." Some time after this a grand expedition was made to Kieff, the journey being accomplished by easy stages, the Empress Elizabeth in a very bad temper and "exiling" some persons of her suite almost every day. At Koselsk the court gambled heavily at Pharaon; and during one day's journey Catherine and her mamma, finding themselves incommoded in their coach and six by that eternal little Grand Duke, who had escaped from his pedagogues and thrust his company upon them, hit upon the notable device of fitting up one of the waggons that carried the bedding with benches, and riding therein. This primitive conveyance was probably the prototype of the *char-à-banc*, which has been of late years so favoured a vehicle with the illustrious inhabitants of Windsor and St. Cloud. On returning to Moscow the Princess incurred a terrible scolding from the Empress, through the medium of Count-Doctor Lestocq, and in her box at the theatre too, for being so deeply in debt. On examining the state of her "affairs"—she was not fifteen!—she found herself 17,000 roubles behind-hand; but she justifies her insolvency in her usual logical manner with a "primo," "secundo," and "tertio," pleading that she was well nigh without body linen, and that if she had four frocks that was "the end of the world," at a court where people changed their dress three times a day; that she had heard that "presents" were very much relished in Russia, and that with generosity friends were made; that her lady of honour, the Countess Roumian-zoff, was the most extravagant woman in Russia; and, finally, that the Grand Duke cost her a great deal, having "an avidity for presents." Presents! What could she have given the imbecile little tippler? Brandy-balls? or the brandy itself neat? It was about this time that the Princess entitled herself, in conversation with the Swedish senator Cedercreutz, "the philosopher of fifteen." Philosopher as she was, however, she frequently indulged in a game of blind man's buff with her three ladies of honour, the two Princesses Gagarin, and Mlle. Koucheleff. She resided altogether in her own apartments, receiving occasionally, with amicable messages from the Grand Duke, an ambassador in the shape of a hideous dwarf; but these assiduities soon ceased, and when Catherine and her mother changed their domicile to a mansion on the Fontanka canal, at St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke sent word by a domestic that his intended must excuse him from coming to see her frequently, as the distance between their residence was so great!

On the 21st of August 1745 Catherine was wedded with great pomp and magnificence to the imbecile and sensual brute whom they had chosen for her. He spent the eve of his bridal in changing his uniform some twenty times. Before the wedding he had again taken his betrothed into his confidence, and informed her that he was enamoured of another maid of honour, Mlle. Carr, afterwards married to one of the innumerable Prince Galitzins. The anomalous condition of this extraordinary court and couple are a few pages farther demonstrated by the calm avowal of Catherine that three common domestics, the brothers Czernicheff, all sons of grenadiers of the guard, were "full of affection for her," and that the eldest of the brethren had said one day to the Grand Duke, *sans aucun*, "she is not my betrothed, but yours,"—speaking, be it understood, of the Princess Catherine. This elder brother, André Czernicheff, ventured on the most insolent familiarities with his young mistress after she had become Grand Duchess; and he does not seem, to say the least, to have been discouraged in his suit. He addressed her habitually by the nickname of *maryinka*, "little mother." He had one day the assurance to demand an interview with her in her private apartment. Catherine says that she repulsed him; but she confesses that she caught sight of Count Didier, the Chamberlain, peeping in at the door as she was conversing with Czernicheff. On the morrow the three brethren were sent to join the army as subalterns, and the terrible Madame Tchoglokooff was placed as a surveillante over her. Truly the girlish Grand Duchess had commenced her rôle of Semiramis or of Margaret of Burgundy early. This was the apprenticeship that

was to lead to after reigns of the Orloffs, the Poniatowskys, and the Potemkins.

In a journey to Revel, in which Mme. Tchoglokooff proved herself a most inflexible duenna, the volatile Grand Duke informed his newly-made bride that he had fallen in love with a certain Mlle. Cédénarparre; and her Majesty made her niece-in-law a present of 3000 roubles to gamble at Pharaon. After this the Grand Duke took to enrolling all his courtiers, and making them go through their drill like private soldiers; and the Grand Duchess applied herself to reading novels, till, weary of such productions as "Tiran le blanc" and their effete progeny, the letters of Madame de Sévigné, to her good fortune, fell in her way. She began, too, to acquire a taste for equitation, and ultimately became an accomplished horsewoman. In 1747 the news of her father's death arrived, and the poor girl was naturally and deeply afflicted; but at the end of a week's mourning that ruthless Mme. Tchoglokooff came to tell her that she must not weep any more, that the Empress had forbidden it, and that after all her father was not a king.

The record of the Grand Duchess Catherine's married life is one continuous nightmare of Hymen. Every day some new mania took possession of her wretched husband's disorganised brain. He kept a pack of hounds in the apartment contiguous to that of his wife, and tore their flesh to ribbons with his whip when they transgressed the discipline of venery. He had fearful quarrels with Mme. Tchoglokooff (who appears to have united the functions of governess and spy) when she conveyed to him the Empress's commands to take a bath, to which thorough ablation he entertained a violent objection, partly through cowardice and partly through a penchant for uncleanness. He fell in love, for the ninety-ninth time, with a hump-backed princess of Courland, and thumped his wife with his fists as she lay in bed, till she woke up to hear the confession of his new passion. He had become an inveterate drunkard. Insensate wretch! Every blow, every insult to the strange unforgetting girl he had married, was a nail in his own coffin. As yet, she could only turn for succour to the tyrannical M. and Mme. Tchoglokooff or to her much bemused aunt-in-law the Empress Elizabeth, now maudlin and now fractious with strong drinks, now sending Lestocq and the Czernicheffs to the fortress, now setting forth to make a pilgrimage on foot from Moscow to the convent of the Troitzka, a distance of sixty versts. A Russian verst is three quarters of a mile. The cause of her Majesty's pious undertaking was a violent attack of the colic!

Here is a curious picture, Ekaterina *pinxit*, of a Danish ambassador, one Count Lynar:

He was tall and well made, and of a white complexion, inclining to carotry as to hair. Of this complexion he took so much care, that he never retired to bed without thoroughly anointing his face and hands with pomatum, and assuming a night-mask and gloves. He boasted of having eighteen children [a rival apparent of Augustus the Strong], and alleged that all his children's wet-nurses owed their qualifications as such to him. This Count Lynar, white as he was, wore the insignia of the White order of Denmark, and attired himself only in garments of the lightest and brightest hues, such as sky blue, peach colour, buff, flesh colour, &c., though such light colours were never at that time worn by the other courtiers.

We have said that Catherine became an excellent horsewoman. It would be unjust to deny her the privilege of recording her equestrian achievements in her own style.

On Pentecost day the Empress desired me to send an invitation to the wife of the Saxon envoy, Mme. d'Arnheim, in order that we should go out riding together. She was a large muscular woman, very well made, from twenty-five to twenty-six years of age, rather thin, and anything but pretty as to her face, which was terribly pitted by the small-pox; but, as she took great care of herself, at a distance she had a sort of *éclat*, and looked white enough. Madame d'Arnheim made her appearance about five in the afternoon, dressed from head to foot like a man, with a red cloth coat, gold-laced, a waistcoat of green *Gros de Tours*, edged with the same. She did not appear to know what to do with her hat or her hands, and seemed awkward enough to us all. As I knew that the Empress did not approve of my riding on horseback like a man, I had an English lady's saddle made for me, and had put on an English riding habit—sky-blue cloth and silver, with crystal buttons that were perfect imitations of diamonds—and my black cap was encircled by a band of rare brilliants. We descended to where the horses awaited us; and at this moment her Majesty entered our apartments in order to see us start. As I was then very quick and nimble, and

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well accustomed to this species of exercise, I sprang on my horse, and the skirt of my habit, which was divided, fell on either side of the animal. The Empress, who had seen me mount with as much agility as address, exclaimed, quite astonished, that it was impossible to have a better seat on horseback. She asked what saddle I was using, and, knowing that it was a side one, added, "One might swear she was on a man's saddle!" When Mme. d'Arnheim's turn came to mount [where were the grooms and the equerries, with outstretched, firmly-balanced palms to assist the ladies?] the brilliancy of her address did not dazzle her Imperial Majesty. Her horse had been brought from home. It was a villanous black "screw" (*rosse*), big and heavy, and our courtiers declared often did duty against one pole of the envoy's coach. She was obliged to have a flight of steps to mount her horse; and all this was done with plenty of ceremony and with the aid of plenty of people. Mounted on her "screw," the brute began to trot roughly enough to disturb the unfortunate lady, who had neither a firm seat in the saddle nor a hold in her stirrups, and who moreover was obliged to clutch at the pommel with her hands. Seeing her thus saddled, I gave my horse his head, and then follow who would (*me suivit qui put*). I rejoined the Grand Duke, who was already in advance of me, and Mme. d'Arnheim, on her "screw," remained a long way behind. I was told afterwards that the Empress laughed a great deal, and was very much edified by Mme. d'Arnheim's system of riding; and at some distance from the palace I think that Mme. Tchogloloff, who had followed us in a carriage, was obliged to give shelter to the distressed lady, who lost her hat one moment and her stirrups the next.

The adventure did not end here. It had been raining that morning, and when the ladies alighted at the palace of Catherinehoff, the unlucky Mme. d'Arnheim slipped and tumbled into one of the puddles which abounded. She ascribed the accident to her tight boots. But we must hear Catherine once more on horsewomanship.

The summer had been very rainy. I remember one day coming home quite wet through, and alighting from my horse, *I met my tailor, who said to me*: "To judge from your appearance, it is no wonder that I have enough to do in making riding habits for you, and that your people are always ordering new ones." The fact is, that my riding clothes were all made of silk camelot, which the rain creased and the sun stiffened and took out the colour from; thus I was always in want of new dresses. Notwithstanding, it was about this period that *I invented saddles on which I could sit as I liked*. They had the English crutch, and one could pass the leg over them in order to sit like a man. Besides this, the crutch could be divided, and there was another stirrup, which could be pulled up or down as I chose. If the equerries were asked how I rode, they answered, "On a lady's saddle, according to the Empress's will." I only rode in my own manner when I was certain of not being betrayed; and as I did not make an undue boast of my invention, and every one was desirous of giving me pleasure, nothing disagreeable resulted from it. The Grand Duke cared very little how I rode; and as for the equerries, they found it far less hazardous for me to go astride (*en califourchon*), especially when out hunting, than to see me on a side-saddle, which they detested, always apprehending accidents, for which they would be held responsible. . . . I had in those days, always a book in my pocket, which, whenever I had a moment to myself, I commenced reading.

Courage and cunning combined. Really this "invention" of the saddle with the divisible crutch quite throws into the shade the famous scarlet flannel "non-talkaboutables," *à la Zouave*, worn by our lively friend the "unprotected female" in Norway.

We regret that we cannot follow this hybrid court, this amalgam of magnificence and misery, in its incessant peregrinations to Moscow and Kieff, to Oranienbaum, Coarskoe-Sefo, Peterhof, and Monplaisir; or dwell at length upon the minuet which the tipsy old Empress Elizabeth danced in male costume at Moscow; or the black patches she was kind enough in a moment of extra condescension to stick on her niece-in-law's pretty cheek (it was not so long afterwards that she tried to have Count Bestoujev put to torture); or the advent at St. Petersburg of Count de Horn (there is not a capital in Europe where a Count de Horn has not made himself famous or infamous at some period of time), whose grand peculiarity was that whenever he fell in love it was with three ladies at once; or the great conflagration at Moscow, when the Grand Duchess was literally burnt out, and compelled to take refuge with the hated Tchogloloffs and a brood of their children; and on the odd story of the little Kalmuck girl who had concealed a nut in one of her nostrils, "thus showing," writes Catherine, "of what a Kalmuck nose is capable."

More serious events, however, chequered the

life of the Grand Duchess. For her effete husband her aversion grew, year by year, deeper and deeper. This most ungallant and melancholy Lothario had added a Mme. Teploff and a Mlle. Marie Woronzoff to the "mille e tre" of his fugitive flames; and he diversified his libertinage by playing at soldiers in a pasteboard fortress, and hanging a rat to the ceiling for eating two of his ragdoll sentinels.

It is melancholy, it is lamentable, to see how, slowly and surely, an inexorable fatality draws the young Princess into the vortex of low corruption and sensual intrigue that hissed and bubbled in this depraved court. It was long before she took pattern by her husband's infidelities; but she fell at last. The flirtation, if it were nothing more, with the Czernicheffs, was followed by a more criminal *liaison* with Sergius Soltikoff. The infamous Tchogloloff was even base enough to enact the part of go-between in the matter, and offered the Grand Duchess a choice between this Soltikoff and Leon Narichkin as a paramour. She chose the former; but when Soltikoff was appointed ambassador to Sweden, she stooped to favour Leon Narichkin, whom in turn, in a fit of capricious rage at his impertinence (the puppy was found lying on a sofa in her apartment, trolling forth songs), she caused to be scourged with nettles. And there was Count Poniatowsky, and there was (perhaps) the Count de Horn. She, too, was beginning to count her *mille e tre*. The Grand Duke had sown in the whirlwind and was reaping the storm. The Grand Duchess bare children; but whose were they? According to the positive assertion of Mr. Herzen, Paul, afterwards Emperor, and afterwards assassinated, was the son of *Sergius Soltikoff*, which makes the present imperial family of Russia wholly illegitimate, and no more connected with the House of Romanoff than with that of Holstein-Gottorp.

These strange and interesting memoirs break off, as we have said, abruptly, and moreover very ominously. The last episode of Catherine's life recorded is a conversation with the Empress in the winter of 1758. "She asked me," says the narrator, "for details concerning the life of the Grand Duke. . . . How would Catherine of Russia have answered the question a few years afterwards? As Cain answered. And there was Nemesis to be answered after long years—to be answered and appeased. Catherine, indeed, murdered her husband; but her first-born, her son Paul, the son of the paramour of her youth, did he not sleep, too, in a bloody shroud?"

AMERICA.

New York, Nov. 10.

WHEN M. Emile Montégut said, the other day, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that the world had been deeply disappointed of late in its expectations of American literature, he stated no more than is very generally felt. No one in Europe has a better right than M. Montégut to speak on this point; for no one has shown himself more intelligently acquainted with the condition of literature in this country, or has displayed a nicer perception of its peculiarities and its tendency. It is probable, nevertheless, that M. Montégut is precisely the individual who has contributed most essentially to the disappointment he records. The history of contemporaneous literature, which M. Montégut has from time to time so lucidly expounded, has been derived from the books laid before him, unattended by that insight into contemporaneous history which alone can lead to accurate conclusions; and thus the reviewer, while correctly appreciating the fruit, has unconsciously misjudged the tree.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* commenced its admirable series of critical articles on American literature at the time when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had taken Europe by storm, and had carried the name of the United States into lands and languages to which it was previously almost a stranger. The success of Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe's performance inaugurated a series of romances which soon became known among publishers by the happy title of "sensation novels"—works to be sold through the creation of an excitement or sensation; and for three years the presses of the country poured forth edition after edition of these flimsy works. We sent across the ocean Queechys and Lamplighters and Ida Mays by the score. Paris and London thought that all America had betaken itself to novel writing, with the exception of a few natives of the graver sort, who, apparently, were turning their attention to history and speculative philosophy and the abstract sciences. This sudden flow of literature, from a source which had hitherto yielded but a scanty rill, led to the bestowal of great attention upon the productions of American intellect, and to many a vaticination of splendid largesses in the immediate future. It was at this period, if I am not mistaken, that the late Samuel Phillips exclaimed

in the *Times*, "At last we have an American literature!" M. Montégut and other writers Gallicised the dictum.

Nevertheless, while these glad tidings were proclaimed in Europe, there were those in the United States who shook their heads, and doubted whether the era of original and characteristic literature were yet arrived—whether the period of imitation and dependency were already left behind. Such men, with an insight behind the scenes, were better qualified to judge of the true state of literature here than critics abroad; and to such it appeared that, after the spasmodic activity produced by the success of Uncle Tom's Cabin should have ceased, the golden auguries of new wealth in literature would scarcely be fulfilled. In fact, to an observer on the spot, it is manifest that the circumstances of the United States are highly unpropitious (and this consideration is altogether neglected in Europe) to the speedy development of a distinctive mind, and, as one may say, of an idiomatic literature, on this soil.

Leaving out of the question the inevitable practicality of the entire population, the small number of men of leisure it comprises, and the general superficiality in mental training—the great and pregnant fact remains, that the United States are not what an ethnographer would call a Nation, and cannot therefore as yet exhibit the operations of a national mind. There has been no opportunity yet for crystallisation into singularity, since the heterogeneous mass, so widely scattered, is granted no repose, and is subject to perpetual accretions of new particles from sources widely apart. In a single sentence, the true national character of the United States is yet undeveloped, and cannot be otherwise until, at least, immigration shall be discontinued. The British element, it is very true, has hitherto exercised a remarkable power of assimilation over the other colonising stocks, and certain characteristics have undoubtedly been developed which are apparently common to the entire people; yet no one will maintain that the British character has not been radically altered (possibly impaired) by the influence of climate and of amalgamation here, or that the citizens of New England and those of the states bordering on the Mexican Gulf resemble each other as the Englishman of Yorkshire resembles the Englishman of Sussex. An evidence of the effect of immigration on the popular mind is readily elicited in investigating the history of the United States during the last hundred years. Looking back to the epoch of the Stamp Act, when the population was wholly of British or Teutonic extraction, we find a solidity, a sturdiness, a tenacity of ideas, which are not noticeable a little further down the century. The rebellion against the Stamp Act was not a sudden thing, not a hasty inspiration of Buncombe, but a sober, deliberate, untheatrical uprising of indignant but still loyal subjects of the King. The intercourse with France and the French, between 1776 and 1786, coupled with the natural inclination towards assimilation with a close ally, produced by 1789-90 a tendency towards Gallicism, which becomes noticeable in most of the public acts and writings, decidedly including the Constitution of the United States. Jefferson was essentially a Frenchman—showy, shallow, vain, and unprincipled. British emigration to America had now ceased, but great numbers of French entered the United States in the decade preceding 1800. In the same period the population extended itself west and south, into new climates, and the foundation of the present eccentric "Western character" was laid. In the next five years a great French population was incorporated in the Union by the accession of Louisiana; and the natural consequence of these modifications was, as appears in the second War period of 1812-15, that a marked infusion of levity and insolidity had taken place, while North and South had entered upon that career of divergence which has now become become so alarming. A little later the Irish and German immigration sets in, and by 1840 elements of the Irish character have been given to the American. The German, less adaptive, and speaking a strange tongue, has little mental influence on the population. At the same time amalgamation with the Spanish race on the south-west is producing still another variety of mental complexion. All these processes are in full activity still. Year after year a couple of hundred thousand immigrants are introduced by way of further alloy; and new tones and tendencies are developed in the unsettled population. In view of these facts, it would seem scarcely reasonable for the present to look for a well-defined national character, which alone is capable of giving birth to a distinctive and vigorous literature in this quarter.

There is here, as in England, at the present moment, a lull in the publishing department, the trade being for the most part engaged in preparation of its books for the Christmas holidays. The interval is employed, as usual, in the sale by auction of great quantities of miscellaneous books. A very faint idea seems to exist in England of the present magnitude of this business here. Its growth, indeed, has been so unprecedentedly rapid, that it may well have escaped notice hitherto. The last eight or ten years have witnessed its sudden rise, which received its most notable impulse from the simultaneous establishment of public libraries in many cities of the Union.

The Astor Library here, the noble Public Library at Boston, and similar institutions elsewhere, have absorbed vast quantities of hitherto unsaleable books; and establishments have been founded of late in New York and Boston, with agencies all over the Union, for the dispatch of the second-hand business. There is already an immense private demand for this description of books, and great numbers of the most valuable works are annually imported from Europe to fill orders. At "Norton's," in this city, one may meet purchasers from Texas, from Florida, from the Canadas, from Nebraska even, collecting works on subjects which ten years ago had scarcely a single student in the United States. Special libraries, too, are now for the first time greatly in vogue; and we have bibliomaniacs among us who will give as much for an Elzevir or a Caxton as any haunter of the British Museum.

At an auction which was held during the last week, purchasers were present who had travelled hundreds of miles for the sake of bidding. This sale comprised some 1400 lots, including works of every class, together with a quantity of coins and autographs. The coins sold remarkably well; indeed, the establishment of a Numismatic Society here last Spring has given rise to many collections, and to much study of the subject. Among the prices paid were five dollars for the halfpenny known as the Tory cent of Georgia (1783); two dollars for the Kentucky cent, n.d.; and proportionate prices for the remainder of the two hundred.

Another auction, comprehending the entire library of the late Dr. Ludewig, commences to-morrow, when

some very rare works will be disposed of. The collection of bibliographical publications is exceedingly fine. At these sales many of the most valuable lots are purchased by the principal American dealer in second-hand books, C. B. Norton, and are distributed by means of his agencies all over the country. As he has also agents in England for the purchase of antiquarian books, hundreds of rare volumes find their way annually to this country, and still more would do so were it not for the short time which elapses between the publication of catalogues and the holding of the sale. It is a fortunate circumstance, indeed, for European lovers of *bouquinerie*, that the catalogues sent out here by London auctioneers do not often arrive in time for the return of orders for books, as great numbers would otherwise be withdrawn from that side of the Atlantic.

The proceedings of the Brussels Literary Congress have naturally been read with much interest here, where the copyright question is of so great importance; and the report of Mr. Cozzens, the American agent, is also anxiously looked for, although it is scarcely thought that his mission will have any practical result. While the authors of the United States are unanimous in favour of an international copyright treaty, the publishers are almost unanimous on the other side; nor can it be expected that they should be otherwise. The immense publishing business of New York and Philadelphia has been built up on a foundation of piracy; and literary theft is still the principal source of revenue to most of our publishers. With book producers, on the contrary, the case is different; for they see that the growth of indi-

genous literature has been greatly impeded by the system of "republication," and long for an arrangement which shall check the cheap reproduction of European literature, and make way for a profitable disposition of their own. As, however, the influence and funds of one or two prominent houses have been persistently used for the purpose of defeating any copyright measure that has been proposed, and as those houses continue their opposition, there is little chance for "justice to authors" here.

Three extensive publishing houses, in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, have united for the purpose of bringing out a new Encyclopædia, upon which they intend to lavish every care. The first volume will be out about April or May next. A Philadelphia house is preparing a "Dictionary of English and American Authors," containing 30,000 names, in the preparation of which the novel course has been adopted of "sending a circular with printed headings to every accessible writer, with the request that his autobiography may be contributed. Great numbers have complied with the request, while others have more modestly declined.

The "lecture season," that curious phase of American sociology, is on the point of commencing here, and several English lecturers are spoken of as possible arrivals. The Mercantile Library Association applied early in the year to Charles Reade, Samuel Lever, and William Russell for their attendance. Mr. Russell promised to attend whenever possible; Mr. Lever has held out hopes of his coming; and Mr. Reade has set so high a value on his presence, that the Association was compelled to forego it entirely.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

It would appear from a report of Mr. Glaisher on experiments made, that the mean pressure of the atmosphere on every day of the year varies according to a limited cycle. The facts were determined by barometrical observations taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from 1841 to 1858. Previous to 1841 there had been no determination of the mean pressure of the atmosphere. Starting from January 12, 1857 when the reading is 29.722, the barometer three times during this year reached a culminating point above 29.9, viz., on March 8, when it reached 29.938; on September 7, 29.910; and on December 14, 29.900. The two minimum points occur on October 4, when the reading is 29.687, and on November 23, when the reading was 29.684; the reading returning again to the same point as before on January 12. It will thus be seen that the difference of pressure throughout the year does not vary in any great degree, notwithstanding the changes that are continually taking place, the barometrical readings being more uniform than the continual recurring changes would have led to any anticipation of, until verified by the observations made over a period of about eighteen years.

Mr. B. C. Brodie, Professor of Chemistry, at the late meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford made a communication on a new series of organic compounds, some of the terms of which he had succeeded in forming. These are the peroxides of the radicals of the organic acids, and stand in the same relation to those acids that the peroxide of hydrogen does to water. Mr. Brodie had prepared three of these compounds, namely, the peroxides of benzoyle, cumenyle, and acetylene. The two former are white crystalline solids; the last an oleaginous liquid. The peroxide of acetylene has many properties resembling that of hydrogen; for instance, it possesses a powerful bleaching action: it is also a somewhat unstable body, and at a high temperature explodes with great violence. It also peroxidises instantaneously the protoxide of manganese. The subject is one of high interest to chemists.

At the monthly meeting of the Dublin University Zoological and Botanical Association the following subjects were introduced:—Dr. McDonnell, in reference to the urticating organs of the Actiniae, and on the spasmodic action caused by them when suffered to touch the nerves of a frog prepared for electrical experiments, stated that at one time he had thought this was caused by electricity generated in these animals, but that further experiments and the use of a very delicate galvanometer had caused him to abandon this view, and to ascribe these movements to the local irritation caused by the poison contained in the thread cells of the Actiniae. In a paper by the Rev. Mr. Hogan, "On the Occurrence of a new British Oniscoid inhabiting Ants' Nests," the author observed that the new oniscoid was found at Lulworth Cove, Dorsetshire, last September, in the nests of three different kinds of ants, but it was more abundant in the red ant's nest. These crustaceans seemed familiar with the winding chambers and subterranean galleries of the formicarium, and the ants did not carry them off as they did other beetles. There were generally eight or nine in a nest.

A pamphlet put forth by Captains Drayson and Binney, giving a description of a patent elongating tunnel telegraph cable, is deserving of notice, first in pointing out clearly the errors in the construction of the present cables; and, secondly, for bringing forward a plan which appears to contain the elements of right construction for telegraph cables. Passing over the first portion, we come at once to the construction of the tunnel cable, which is as follows:—A copper wire of any diameter is first washed over with liquid India rubber, and then bound round with undressed spun silk, and the whole is again painted with liquid India rubber. The wire is now inclosed in a tunnel covering of vulcanised India rubber, the form of the tunnel being square outside and circular inside, and sufficiently large to allow the wire to be surrounded by a small portion of air and to play freely, as the wire is formed into a very open helical coil, this form being necessary to admit of the wire elongating itself without either fracture or attenuation. The requisites of such a construction are thus stated:—Perfect and permanent insulation, lightness and resistance to friction, and also a larger conducting wire, a material point, as the conducting power of wires otherwise similar is directly in the ratio of their sectional areas. The process of paying out such a cable would be simple, as its weight is only 5 cwt. to the mile.

THE PRECESSION OF THE EQUINOXES.—M. Poinso, the distinguished member of the Institute, and celebrated for the discovery of the theory of couples in mechanics, has recently solved an important problem, which has baffled the ingenuity of mathematicians since the time of Newton. It is well known that the intersections of the terrestrial equator with the ecliptic, called the equinoxes, never occur twice at the same point, but that every year they appear to recede by about 50.18 seconds. This retrograde motion is called the "precession of the equinoxes." To explain this motion by the theory of universal gravitation became an important problem at the time when Newton made that great discovery. He himself attempted an explanation of it; but the imperfect state of astronomy at that period deprived him of the advantage of certain data which were indispensable to arrive at the desired solution. In 1747 Bradley, by a series of laborious observations, patiently continued for the space of twenty years, at length ascertained that the earth's axis had a peculiar swinging motion, of which no astronomer before him had even suspected the existence; and this motion he called "nutation." He also proved that this nutation, which causes the axis of the earth to describe in space a sort of fluted cone, having a base of an elliptical form, but modified by certain minute undulations, about 1400 in number, was closely connected with the motion of precession. D'Alembert then took up the problem, and in 1749 published a solution of it, which indeed accounts for the above motions in a general way, but is far from sufficient to explain the cause of those singular undulations which the pole of the earth describes. The delicacy of the question will be easily understood from the fact that within the compass of the earth the axis appears to have no motion at all, and that the phenomenon

of nutation is only perceptible at an immeasurable distance in the heavens. We now come to Mr. Poinso's admirable solution, founded on his well-known theory of couples. Neglecting all useless considerations that had embarrassed his predecessors, he proves by mathematical calculations, which, considering the difficulty of the problem, have the merit of extraordinary simplicity, that by the law of gravitation the earth's axis must describe an oscillation of 1.08 seconds in virtue of the attraction of the sun, and 16.9 seconds in virtue of that of the moon, or about 18 seconds in all, in the course of nine years and three months, after which a similar oscillation takes place in the contrary direction. This quantity of 18 seconds all but exactly coincides with the results of observation; and his determination of the precession is equally exact, since he finds it to be 50.4 seconds. It must be borne in mind that observation always has a great advantage over calculation in astronomy, since it gives facts as they are, while in calculation it is often necessary to reject certain small quantities which stand in the way of integration. M. Poinso also proves a singular fact—viz., that the precession would be the same if the earth, instead of being a solid spheroid, were hollow, or if its mass or volume were changed, provided its momentum of inertia remain the same. Thus all D'Alembert's complicated speculations touching the influence of the sea, the nature of the strata of the earth, &c., turn out to be useless. M. Poinso demonstrates various other curious theorems connected with the subject, but which are too abstruse to be mentioned here.

MEETING OF THE SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL.—Dec. 2, Dr. Longstaff, V.P. in the chair. Mr. J. Barratt read a paper "On the Analysis of the Water of Holywell, North Wales." Mr. J. Mercer read a paper "On the Relations of the Atomic Weights of the Elements," and showed how the atomic weights of elements belonging to the same natural group might be rendered comparable with those of homologous hydrocarbons of the ethyl series. He also pointed out the parallelism in the atomic weights of the chlorine and nitrogen families. Dr. Hofmann described a new double salt of iodide and nitrate of silver. Mr. J. Horsley read a paper "On the Detection of Alum in Bread."

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—The monthly meeting of this institution was held on Monday last—Mr. William Pole, M.A., F.R.S., treasurer and vice-president, in the chair. The Right Hon. James A. Stuart Wortley, M.P., Mr. William George Armstrong, Mr. George F. Chambers, Rev. Edwin Progers, jun., and Mr. Horace James Smith, were duly elected members of the institution. Professor T. M. Goodeve and Mr. C. F. Varley were admitted members of the institution. The secretary announced that the following arrangements had been made for the lectures before Easter 1859:—Six Lectures on "Metallic Properties" (adapted to a juvenile audience), by Mr. Michael Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S., in the Christmas Vacation, 1858-9. Twelve Lectures on "Fossil Mammals," by Mr. Richard Owen, D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerton Professor of Physiology, R.I. Twelve Lectures on "The Force of Gravity," by Mr. John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I. Nine Lectures on "Organic Chemistry," by Dr. W. A. Miller, Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London. Mr. J. P. Lacaita will commence a course of Ten Lectures on a Literary subject on Saturday, April 2. The presents received since the last meeting were laid on the table, and the thanks of the members returned for the same.

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SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The weekly meeting of this society was held at the rooms last evening. Mr. Thomas Dyer, Academician, member of council, in the chair. The paper read was "On Guideway Agriculture, being a System enabling all the Operations of the Farm to be performed by Steam Power," by Mr. P. A. Halkett. The author began by speaking generally of the advantages of the use of steam in farming operations, and stated it as his opinion that the commercial advantages of steam cultivation were not so much in the less cost of the operations themselves as in the increase of crops resulting from those operations. He then passed to describe in detail the system he had invented, which consists in the application of motive power to the cultivation of the land, by attaching the implements for cultivation required for the various operations of ploughing, scarifying, sowing, hoeing, reaping, or other operations of culture beneath a travelling carriage, which moves on rails placed in parallel lines across the fields to be cultivated, by which the implements are always kept from swerving to the right or left of the line of onward motion, and the friction of the machinery is considerably reduced. With regard to the comparative expense of this system, he calculated that the cost of machinery and implements was the same as that of horses and horse implements required for the same work, and that the laying of rails would amount, according to the wood system, to 10*l.* per acre, and the brick and angle iron system to 20*l.* per acre. Mr. Halkett then gave in considerable detail his calculations of the relative expenses of working a farm upon his system as compared with the ordinary plan.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P., president, in the chair. The paper read was, "A Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth, and of certain Improvements in Breakwaters, applicable to Harbours of Refuge," by Mr. M. Scott, M. Inst. C.E. His communication was divided into four parts:—the first referring particularly to the breakwater at the Port of Blyth; the second to the theory of waves; the third to the theory of hydraulic construction, including form and methods of building; and the fourth relating exclusively to the author's designs, including his assumed improvements in the construction of breakwaters, which had been suggested by his experience in connection with the work at Blyth. In reference to the questions of durability and cost, the author was of opinion that properly-prepared timber would last twenty years, and that the section for a depth of ten fathoms would cost completed about 70*l.* per lineal foot; whereas the stone breakwater at Alderney was said to have cost 190*l.* per foot, and that at Portland 560*l.* per foot. This difference in first cost was so great as to leave, it was considered, an ample margin for the renewal of the timber when it decayed.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—The Transactions embrace among others the following subjects:—A new variable star, R. Sagittarii, by Mr. Norman Pogson, communicated by Dr. Lee. The papers are: "On the Distribution of the Solar Spots in Latitude since the beginning of the year 1854, with a Map," by Mr. R. C. Carrington. "On the Value of the Neglected Terms in the Ordinary Expression for the Equation of Equal Altitudes," by J. Riddle, Esq. "Results of the Observations of Small Planets, made with the Transit Circle, and of Donati's Comet, made with the Altazimuth at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from July to October, 1858," communicated by the Astronomer Royal. "Remarks on the appearance of Comet V., 1858 (Donati's Comet), as seen at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich," and "Physical Phenomena of Comet V., 1858, as observed with the Northumberland Telescope, at the Cambridge Observatory," by Professor Challis. "The Great Comets of 1811 and 1858." This last is as follows: "The following extract of a letter from Admiral Smyth to the Editor, in reference to the great comets of 1811 and 1858, will be read with interest. It may be mentioned that the comet of 1811 was observed for several months by the gallant Admiral while employed on active service in the Mediterranean: 'I saw the magnificent comet, I have been closely attending to its fine figure; and am asked on various sides, as I had the advantage of having closely watched both, which I thought the most splendid in appearance, this, or that of 1811? Now, to my memory, which is very distinct, the palm must be given to the latter. As a mere right object, the branched tail was of greater interest, the nucleus with its "head-veil" was more distinct, and its circumpolarity was a fortunate incident for gazers. But recollect that in these remarks I mean nothing disrespectful to the Donati. On the contrary, with those exceptions, it is one of the most beautiful objects I have ever seen in the heavens. The head is certainly not so fully pronounced as in that of 1811; but greatly its physical interest is increased by segments of light and a dark hollow, giving the aspect a resemblance to the gaslight called a bat's-wing. . . . This dark line, or space down the centre of the brilliant phenomenon, not only had the direct tendency to strengthen the luminosity of the jets of light, in the manner observable in the burning of a wax taper, but also, on a fuller scrutiny of this singular characteristic, to recall its striking resemblance to the similar feature seen in water-spouts, and in the pillars raised in sand-storms which I have witnessed in North Africa.' Mr. W. R. Grove makes the following observations on the Comet V. of 1858. "When the comet [star] had entered well within the margin of the tail a dark notch was formed cutting out a portion of the tail round the star; and as the star got further in, this became a dark areola surrounding the star, and in diameter equal to about one-tenth of the line of transit. This continued until the star reached the middle; at this part there is a broad dark line which extends from the nucleus to a distance considerably above the point where the star crossed. When *Arcturus* arrived here, this dark space was perfect up to the star, but on the other side the white light of the tail appeared to come quite up to the star; in short, as the bright part of the tail had been darkened in the vicinity of the star, the dark part was brightened, at least so much of it as was on the side furthest from the nucleus. I saw the notch again on the opposite side previous to emersion, and then lost it by clouds. The effects I have described are, doubtless, optical, and the notch and areola evidently due to the bright light of this star: the effect on the dark central part is not so easy to explain."

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, Dec. 13.—London Institution, 7. Prof. Tyndall, "On Light."—British Architects, 8. Mr. John Bell, "On the Geometric Treatment of Sculpture."—Geographical, 8½, at Burlington House. I. M. Peschusof Vasilief, Radde Usoltzof, Pargachevski, &c., "Notes on the River Amer and the adjacent districts." II. Mr. G. J. Pritchett, "Explorations in Ecuador, 1856 and 1857."

Tuesday, Dec. 12.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½. I. Mr. Marsden, "On Certain Discrepancies in the Reading of Hieroglyphs." II. Mr. Sharpe, "On the Date of the Crucifixion."—Civil Engineers, 8. Annual General Meeting. Reading of the Annual Report, and Ballot for Council. —Med. and Chirurg., 8½.—Zoological, 9.

Wednesday, 15.—London Institution, 7. Conversazione.—Society of Arts, 8. Mr. E. J. Reed, "On the Modifications which the Ships of the Royal Navy have undergone during the present century, in respect of Dimensions, Form, Means of Propulsion, and Powers of Attack and Defence."—Geological, 8. I. Sir R. I. Murchison, "On the Old Red Sandstone of Elgin and the Neighbourhood." II. Prof. T. Huxley, "On Some Reptilian Remains from the Old Red Sandstone of Elgin."

Thursday, 16.—Chemical, 8. I. Mr. F. Field, "On some Minerals containing Arsenic and Sulphur." II. Mr. E. Riley, "On the Detection and Distribution of Titanic Acid." III. Dr. Medlock, "On the Presence of Ammonia in Ice, and on the Action of Ice-Water upon Lead."—Linnean, 8. I. Mr. D. Hanbury, "On Two Insect Products from Persia." II. Mr. D. Oliver, "On the Indian Species of *Urticularia*." "On the Structure of the Stem in *Caryophyllus* and *Plumbaginæ*."

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

We have received from Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur-street, a large quarto catalogue of the art objects and antiquities comprising the collection of the Marquis di Campana, at Rome. It is in Italian, and extracts from it would be simply useless for the purpose of giving any idea of the rarity and choiceness of the immense number of objects it contains, and to which we have previously drawn the attention of collectors. The collection has been long since examined and valued by Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, and several German and Italian experts, and its value in British pounds sterling has been estimated; and it is now the duty of our art-authorities to obtain the consent of the Government to its purchase, and to arrange an understanding between the British Museum, the Department of Art, and the National Gallery, as to the portions which should properly be assigned to their existing collections, and those which should discreetly be discarded for the acquisition of private connoisseurs. That the whole will ultimately find its way to England we have little doubt, nor do we think that the purchase of the greater portion for our public collections would be regretted, since its genuine character and variety is undoubted, and the interest of its various sections is of the highest quality. It includes ancient sculpture, furniture, pottery, coins, and pictures, from the Etruscan and Greek periods to the Italian mediæval periods. Mr. Phillips will be happy to show photographs of several of the objects; and it only remains to say, that the inevitable early sale of the collections, distinct as they are, leaves it open to any art collector to acquire what he pleases at the sale, which, for its importance, will be for many years unequalled.

Mr. Beresford Hope's lecture on "The Common Sense of Art," on Wednesday last, at the Kensington Museum, was, though fully attended, a disappointment. The lecturer, with a vigorous and clear logic, enforced the new views of the superiority of Gothic architecture over all other styles as the national architecture of England. He urged good reasons for its acceptance as a style capable of progression and development in an eclectic spirit, and, with a motive which it is just to say was free from bigotry or prejudice, recommended its adoption as the one style of architecture capable of growth and refined advancement. But he left himself no room to expose the bareness and insufficiency of the Greek and Renaissance for the same purposes. The lecture, as an essay on the importance and uses of the Gothic revival in England, was most excellent; and we only fear that its learning and technicalities were but slightly understood by the larger portion of the audience. But when we listened to a recommendation of Van der Helst, as the one painter who was worthy of study, accompanied with the glib assertion that he was little known in England, and also observed that the lecturer did not extend his observations to sculpture, we had our doubts that Mr. Hope was only anxious to command attention to a set of doctrines of his own on architecture, under a specious title to a lecture, careless whether he was understood or whether his opinions on art in general were equally defensible with those he holds on Gothic architecture. Van der Helst is not unknown in England, and the truth and laborious manipulation of his portraits (for he is only a portrait painter) would condemn a modern painter to insignificance and starvation.

The choice by the Government of Mr. Scott as the architect of the War Office will, notwithstanding the discussion it has raised on the merits of the styles, be accorded in as the most creditable and best choice for this great national work that could be made. We do not want in this case a merely excellent, or a handsome, or least of all a cheap, building. We want a building which, fulfilling its practical uses, shall also be a great feature of the district devoted to state affairs—be the fitting finish to a great architectural vista, and complete the thoroughfare which from Westminster to Trafalgar-square contains the greatest buildings of the state, and is, and properly should be, stamped with the elegance and activity of the nineteenth century.

We have again inspected the models of the Havelock statue. We think them very creditable to the talent of our sculptors. We do not venture to select any particular few as the best; but, as we said last week, there are certainly several deserving the commission. We should be disposed to choose one amongst those which, either in the costume, the accessories, and, as in many, the action, energy, and marks of fatigue, indicate not only the soldier and commander, but the Indian conqueror and Christian peacemaker. But we must say again that in the selection there can be no further occasion for postponement. The models are equal to the site and the hero.

The Kensington Museum will be open free during the Christmas season. The collection of engravings is now to be seen by the general public.

At a meeting at Gloucester on the 2nd instant, the Mayor presiding, it was resolved to establish a school of art. An influential committee, secretary, and treasurer were appointed, and Mr. Knight, the master of the Cheltenham school, will for the present undertake the mastership.

Two of our contemporaries have followed us in comments on the pamphlet of Mr. Davies, on the National Gallery and the Royal Academy. We hope they will not wait the publication of another stale reprint of by-gone matters like this of Mr. Davies, but attend to the immediate and urgent requirements of the national institution, which are obstructed by the lifeless inaction of the Royal Academy. This great corporation of artists is in a state of decay, notwithstanding that it draws from the public such an immense sum annually for admission to the exhibition. Its removal from the building in Trafalgar-square, which is insufficient for the proper carrying out of its purposes, is as necessary for its prosperity and the encouragement of our artists, as it is essential to the completeness and growth of the National Gallery. The present Government are pledged to arrange and settle the existing difficulties, in a manner consistent with the wants of the time and the national feeling; and no opportunity should be lost by the press in advocating the main point of this simple question—the centralisation of the national collection in Trafalgar-square. This accomplished, the reform of the Royal Academy would follow, as a necessity of its existence, and the enlargement of the National Gallery to dimensions worthy of its position and scope would be a simple work of time and money. We have reason to fear that the ignominious transfer of the English pictures to the Carlton House riding school, which we last week announced was in contemplation, may be carried out, unless immediately objected to and forbidden by a strong and general expression of public opinion.

From all that we can learn, we believe that the project for the Exhibition of Industry and the Fine Arts in 1861 will be persevered in. It has for a basis the money guarantee of the Royal Commissioners of 1851, and the support and assistance of the Society of Arts, so that actual collapse from want of that public favour which the Great Exhibition project obtained at first starting may not be expected. Still, as an industrial exhibition, it must fail to gain the general assistance of the trade of the country, though no doubt those houses who have won a large success by the establishment of their superiority in the last competition will do their best to retain it in the coming exhibition. The addition of the fine arts to the programme will also be an element of novelty, and therefore of success. We adhere to our opinion of the non-necessity of the exhibition as a matter of trade and business; but, as the money for its erection is in hand, the land lies vacant, and an exposition reflecting credit on the country can doubtless be easily collected and displayed at Kensington, we can offer no opposition to the efforts of the Society of Arts in its behalf. A grand fine-art gallery in London will be enough to obtain abundant popular support, and the appearance of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as the chief actor in the ceremonies of the inauguration will be sufficient to give *éclat* and tone to the event. The *Times* has, rather too late, expressed its want of sympathy with the scheme; but it does not appear to intend its annihilation.

Picture sales are becoming frequent, though prices have, for a long time past, been depressed and low. We saw, at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, a tolerable collection, in which were some good examples of Morland, Danby, Linnell, Luney, and other English artists, with four excellent Vernets. Messrs. Foster also put up a collection, which were, for the most part, genuine old masters; and there was amongst them a curious large gallery piece of Experimentalising Philosophers, by Wright of Derby. Messrs. Christie have a two days' sale, on Monday next, of various collections of uneven quality; but amongst them are some nice Dutch pictures.

An effort is being made to restore the monument erected in West Kirkyard, at Greenock, over the grave of Burns's Highland Mary, which is now fast going to decay.

The French sculptor, M. Leval, who has executed the statue of Napoleon I. for the city of Cherbourg, has now received orders from the Emperor to execute a second statue of Napoleon I., which is to find its place at Longwood, St. Helena.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

ENGLISHMEN are at last beginning to feel the interest and value of their own historic antiquities. The question of their due preservation has been well ventilated of late; and there is some hope that it may not be allowed to sink into oblivion. We have made our summer tours into every remote district since the downfall of the first Napoleon opened the European continent again to us, and gave us the noble privilege of spending our money broad-cast over other lands, to the glee, but not the gratitude, of "all kinds" of foreigners. We have ignored the noble cathedrals, the sublime ruins, at home, in affected heroics about inferior things abroad; it is like forgetting Windsor Forest in lauding the Bois de Boulogne. Tired of extortion and discomfort, after thirty years, John Bull seems to incline toward home tours and a proper examination of England. There are some good men and true who will aid him in his wish, and point out how his travels may do his health and his heart good—men like Walter White, who teach us how to make a month in Yorkshire a far better thing than it ever can be made at Baden. When Englishmen really feel a personal interest result from a personal acquaintance with the cathedrals, castles, and monastic ruins of our land, or a loving enthusiasm for the residences of the men who have made it famous, we shall have less vandalism and a little more hero worship than exists in the pages of Carlyle, for it will not be confined there. As it is, at home and abroad, we have not been remarkable for the proper kind of reverence for antiquity when we do feel it a little. In reply to a request from a correspondent, respecting an alleged act of vandalism perpetrated upon one of the Roman monuments of Saint-Remy, in France, it is stated by M. Mérimée that the heads of the two statues under the cupola of the mausoleum are modern; for "an Englishman, one night, carried off the two ancient heads by a *tour de force*, which did honour to his agility, for the height at which these statues are placed makes them difficult of approach without a complicated scaffolding." We should like greatly to know how the French antiquary knew the man was an Englishman who did this feat in silence and solitude and in the darkness of night. Might it not be an American, a Russian, or even an ingenious inhabitant of the town who might have heard the busts praised, and so saw his way to a little cash? Still the story is significant: a bad character is no more easily got than a good one; and certainly at home we have gross acts enough committed on antiquities, which it has been very recently our lot to narrate, and which might be swelled to a portentous amount. However, "let bygones be bygones," and let all persons do their best to preserve, and to teach others to preserve, what we still have to cherish. Do not let farmers go to old abbeys for stones as they would to a quarry, like they have to Quarrenden lately; and do not let churchwardens destroy monuments, and sextons sell brasses as old metal, which they have done in Essex and at King's Lynn. It must be individual protection that hinders this; for societies are too fussy over their own importance to attend to other business, and their money will be chiefly expended in keeping themselves up, "whatever ruin fall."

M. Roumequière, of Toulouse, has discovered upon his own property a deposit of upwards of 400 small brass coins of the Emperor Probus. Of these coins there are 124 varieties, the most remarkable of which, and which appears to have been hitherto unknown, is one bearing upon the reverse a bunch of grapes with two leaves, and the inscription *FOR. HIL. SAL.*, which M. Roumequière, no doubt correctly, interprets *Fortitudo, Hilaritas, Salus*. It is to Probus that is assigned the introduction of the vine into Gaul and Britain, and from this tradition the coin derives additional interest.

Numismatists will rejoice over the production of two noble volumes, in quarto, by B. de Kœhne, recently issued from the Imperial press at St. Petersburg, descriptive of the coins collected by the Russian Prince Basile Kotchouby. The Prince long resided, in an official capacity, in the southernmost provinces of Russia, and his collection chiefly illustrates the coinage of the Greek colonies on the Bosphorus and the confines of modern Russia. The work is well illustrated with carefully-executed coins, in a series of copperplate engravings, other types being as carefully executed on wood, and placed among the letter-press.

Sir Charles Fellowes has devoted a quarto volume to a disquisition on the coins of Syria and Asia Minor, a series but little studied. He treats his book as the foundation of a more perfect work, and solicits notes of new types, for which he leaves spaces on his plates, which have been most beautifully engraved by Basile.

The *Moniteur* announces the discovery in Algeria of an inscribed tablet detailing the tariff of custom dues established by the Emperor Septimius Severus (A. D. 202), and which was discovered by some workmen who were digging a well in the ruins of Zraia (the ancient colonial Julia Zraia); it minutely details all dues to be paid "after the departure of the cohorts" of the Emperor, and among them many articles still peculiar to the district.

The last meeting of the Society of Antiquaries was devoted to a communication, by the Abbé Cochet, on his discoveries in Normandy; and the exhibition of

a series of careful drawings, by a French artist, of objects exhumed in Frankish graves, of much value to us for comparison with the contents of our own tumuli. They were explained through Mr. Wylie, an enthusiastic student of Saxon antiquities, and himself a great explorer.

Among the British antiquities recently added to our national Museum is a battered stone, with a somewhat illegible inscription, but possessing too much interest to be overlooked. It was discovered in the excavations made in 1850 at Lyme, in Kent (the Portus Lemanus of the Romans, and perhaps the spot where Cæsar landed), and was allowed to repose till lately in a garden at Dymchurch, in the Romney Marshes. Upon it is inscribed the dedication of this altar, by Audius Pantera, prefect of the British fleet, to some deity, most probably Neptune. The interest and the importance of the inscription to us, as a maritime nation, is very great, and the more from its rarity, as but three other inscriptions are known which name the British fleet in the Roman era, and not one of them was discovered in England.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

FESTIVALS and anniversaries nowadays act as powerful levers to set the leaden energies of a music-patronising people into brisk motion when in their influence the ordinary processes fail. The Crystal Palace Company have a vigilant Janus, so that events of the past and the future are eagerly seized on if they can be turned to account. There have been recently the Inkermann and Balaklava commemorations; and through the long shadows of coming events may be seen the stir and bustle incident to the centenary birth-morn of the Ayrshire poet, and the last evening of the musician of Halle—men whose works are bequests to every nation and every clime. Mozart was called up on Saturday, a day remarkable for nothing in the illustrious composer's history. Waiving this, the annual concert was by no means commensurate with any demonstration worthy of such an epithet, got up to do honour to the name and memory of a musician who, in his lifetime, won a renown since proved to be imperishable. The whole world declare with one voice that no mind was more fertile than that of Mozart's in richness of melody, profundity of thought, and originality of conception. These rare inspirations, combined with classic taste and contrapuntal skill, placed this prolific *maestro* on the loftiest pedestal of fame. In the realms of paper that have borne the impress of a pen busily engaged from the period of five years to that of five-and-thirty, the genius is seen as if written with a sunbeam. Mozart's works remain the "star-pointing pyramid" of one who excelled in every species of composition, from the impassioned elevation of the tragic opera to the familiar melody of a birthday song. With such stores at command, we naturally looked on a Mozart day at the Palace as one that deserved to be marked with a white stone. The prominent features of the programme, however, consisted in an early Symphony in C and a selection from *Zauberflöte*. The symphony is remarkable for nothing in particular, while the latter as an opera is particularly remarkable for a lavish waste of the rich stores of imagination on an impracticable and worthless subject. Eleven vocal pieces were selected; but if when illustrated on the stage they are barely intelligible, from the mystic abstraction of the drama and its faulty construction, who can wonder if they failed to rivet attention in the concert room? Mr. Weiss sang the aria "Qui sdegno," which won considerable applause; the other pieces went for nothing. A few of the better known and more appreciated gems, from more familiar works, were discoursed on the organ; but it appeared that the atmospheric changes had had as severe an effect on the lungs of the great speaker through metal and wood, as on the *vox humana*, for it puffed, ciphered, and sometimes "whistled a tune," to the evident annoyance of Mr. Coward, who was anxious to contribute his mite of homage to Mozart. A concerto for pianoforte in C major fell to the lot of Herr Pauer, and a more fitting exponent could not have been secured. The manner in which the pianoforte solo is introduced is novel and very striking. The *andante* is a quiet melody with an accompaniment *con sordini*, with variations for the solo instruments, extremely clever in design and beautiful in evolution, and the allegro light, cheerful, humorous, and masterly. Herr Pauer was enthusiastically cheered at the conclusion of his task, which in fact appeared to be "a labour of love."

The first of a series of three concerts at St. James's Hall, Regent-street, took place on Tuesday evening. All the choice portions of the room were occupied by the *élite* of the neighbourhood. Nor were the less aristocratic quarters without tenants. It was our misfortune to be packed under a dark gallery, where an attempt to get sight of the programme was futile and ludicrous, seeing that mobility, however desirable, was a thing difficult to effect. One thing, however, we could not fail to discover, and that was the dissatisfaction manifested at the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, from "hoarseness." The apologist was received with sibilations and other signs of disapprobation. If people attending concerts in which this gentleman

figures prominently in the bill, were to go without depending on his appearance, their disappointments would be fewer, and their mortifications less. As the order of the programme was changed by absence and substitution, all the singing in the first part of the concert went off flatly. The only encores were awarded to the Swedish singers, although there was in reality nothing, either in what they sung or their manner of singing, calculated to excite unusual admiration or provoke surprise. The secret of their strength consists in strong accent, tonal colouring, the management of crescendos, &c., from an almost inaudible whisper up to the extreme point of taxation that the human voice can bear. Sig. Plattl executed a fantasia (violinello) with marvellous neatness, brilliancy, and power, and Miss Arabella Goddard delighted the auditory by her brilliant discourse with the key board,

"O'er which her fingers walked with nimble gait."

and caused Robin Adair to appear in as many rich suits as would satisfy a courtier. Misses Dolby, Stabbach, and Armstrong, with Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, formed the chief vocal staff. A romance from the *Rose of Castille*, scene 1, act 2, one of the most telling pieces in the opera, cut a sorry appearance in the concert room, to which place it ought not to have been transferred. Mr. Benedict presided at the pianoforte; and, if nothing had been composed by him to win a great name, his taste and judgment as an accompanist alone would entitle him to one.

The threads of pleasure that are interwoven with material existence are wisely cut in short lengths. We scarcely get familiar with the notes of the night-ingle before the warbler is mute, or with the pleasure of a spirit-stirring excitement ere time and circumstance combine to shiver the goblet from which the draught of joy was sipped. While the present number is in the course of perusal by the great majority of our readers, the last opera of the season at Drury-lane will be in process of enactment. During the closing week the pieces represented have been almost identical with those noticed in our last impression. The good faith kept with the public throughout the season will and ought to go far towards the success of bolder attempts within the walls of the most renowned lyrie temple in Europe. Throughout the season there has been but one appearance put in by the apologist, and that arose from circumstances beyond the reach of control. As a sprained ankle or a distressed wind chest operate fearfully against the fortune of a racer, so neither can a singer, under the pressure of atmospheric influences, warble a single melodious strain if the vocal organs refuse their office. Miss Louisa Pyne, who has sustained the most arduous portions of the opera throughout the season with but one evening's intermission, takes a benefit this evening; with an artiste so decidedly popular, it requires no great stretch of mental vision in order to determine the result. Donizetti's favourite opera *La Figlia del Reggimento* has been selected for the occasion.

M. Julien has at length brought his annual season into the closest confines possible. During the last week repetition pieces have served chiefly to gratify an unsatisfied desire. In a critical sense, therefore, our occupation is gone. A question springs out of this advanced period, and that is, why the Grand Choral Symphony, which was promised at the outset, has not been produced. There is the band of sixty, and there stands in print Beethoven's declaration of numerical strength sufficient to do it justice. It is useless now to inquire whose carriage it is that stops the way. On Wednesday a portion of the Jupiter Symphony was given; and on Friday the evening was set apart for Mozart.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir and the Amateur Musical Society have commenced their winter season. Both are under the direction of the gentleman from whom the choir takes its name. At the first meeting of the latter at the Hanover-square Rooms, Angelina, the celebrated pianist, distinguished herself in Sterndale Bennett's well-known "Caprice," and in two "Reveries," entitled "The Lament" and "The Village Fête," attributed to her own pen. Both compositions exhibit a sound knowledge of the principles of music, the laws of form, and the resources of harmony. The pieces selected for orchestral performance, were, as usual on such occasions, extremely opposite in character; hence Haydn's Symphony in B flat stood in close proximity to Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*, and not far distant Auber's less classic, but extremely vivacious, overture to *Le Lac des Fées*. Singers were not a scarce article, although good singing was. There is, however, but little doubt that a close application to the study of the author intended to be represented will enable the Amateur Musical Society to take an honourable position among other popular institutions of a similar character.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE gossip in dramatic circles all runs upon the forthcoming Christmas pieces, which now fill every theatre with "dreadful note of preparation." The subjects and authors are all well known by this time, it being too near the critical period to render the escape of the cat from the managerial bag of any moment. The battle of house against house for superiority in taste and splendour—the struggle of Dutch metal, distemper, gauze, and spangles—has

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fairly set in, and dark, though full of the deepest interest, are the rumours respecting the set scenes of Beverley and the masks of Dykwykyn. Mr. E. L. Blanchard holds the Lane as of right—for who can hold it like him?—and this time it is the story of Robin Hood and his "merrie men" that is to delight the juveniles of London. Mr. Robert Brough makes fun of the Iliad for the amusement of the "cool Lyceum," and if he can only find an audience classical enough to understand his allusions, will no doubt succeed in making Nestor and Achilles very funny fellows; whilst a wooden horse, bought specially for the purpose in the Lowther Arcade, is sure to create inextinguishable laughter. The Adelphi opens modestly with a sort of *Revue* by Messrs. Yates and Harrington, some scenes of stock Adelphi favourites, and an old-fashioned pantomime. Contrary to rumour, Madame Celeste will appear, and Mr. Wright will once more gladden the hearts of his admirers. Mr. Buckstone will cater for himself at the Haymarket.

Lola Montes is determined to make her presence known wherever she goes. The following letter, which appeared a few days back in the *Dublin Freeman*, is highly characteristic.

The Bilton, December 6.

Sir,—My attention has been called to an article in the *Daily Express*, republished from the *American Law Journal*, in which there are one or two points that require a notice from me. In the translation of Dugarrier's letter there occurs this phrase—"This explains why I slept alone," which is erroneously translated from the French, and should have been rendered "why I did not see you before going to bed." I may also state that it was well known to all such men in Paris as Damas, Méry, Emile Girardin, that I was at the time of Dugarrier's death his affianced bride, and I was then living under the charge of Dr. and Madame Azam. The doctor was one of the principal medical men of Paris. The gifted and lamented Dugarrier was murdered in November, and we were to have been married in the following summer. It was arranged that Alexander Damas and the celebrated poet Méry, the best friends of Dugarrier, were to have been present at the ceremony. I wish you would allow me to say that I have seen in one or two of the Irish papers, since I have arrived in this country, statements which are entirely unjust to me in relation to my position at the Court of Bavaria. It is already a portion of history that it was through my agency that Austrian power in Bavaria was crushed in 1847, and that same Power had no means of revenging itself on the author of their destruction, but to assail her character with every falsehood which their envenomed malice could invent. The very article from which the *Express* has quoted, and which was written by Chief Justice Lewis, says: "It must be confessed that it was the political conduct, and not any immoral conduct, which caused her to be so bitterly assailed; and as proof that this distinguished jurist was right in the view he took of me in Bavaria, I will mention a fact which is well known, that the Queen of Bavaria was my firm friend to the last; and when the showers of gold of Austria were thrown to an unenlightened people, for whose liberty I was sacrificing myself, producing those political reverses which made it necessary for me at last to fly, the good Queen was seen to weep at a window of the palace. To the thousands of malicious and ridiculous falsehoods which have been published against me I will not, and do not, reply. It being my determination to patiently leave the events of my life to history, while I leave my calumniators to that God who has ordained an especial act for the punishment of "all liars," and who will, I fear, find the next world a good deal hotter than they have made this one to me. It is, however, a matter of pride to me that, after being more than ten years a target for their intolerant malice, the only act of my whole life which they dare attempt to stigmatize with moral fault they are compelled to locate far off under a cloud of revolutionary dirt and smoke in Bavaria.—I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

LOLA MONTES.

Mr. Montgomery Stuart's fourth lecture on Shakspeare was founded on "The Merchant of Venice," which he spoke of as illustrating the triumph of the spirit of Christian mercy over the letter of the Jewish law. "The Merchant of Venice" is chiefly valuable as marking the passage to the grand historical, political, and philosophic views which in the two following lectures he would illustrate, both in the English characters of the first part of Henry IV., and the Gothic mysticism and gloom of "Hamlet." Mr. Stuart examined all the characters and incidents of "The Merchant of Venice" in connection with the theme that the rigour of the Jewish law was contrasted with and overthrown by the spirit of Christian mercy. The dramatic justification of Shylock was to be found in the cruelties and contempt heaped on the Jews of the middle ages. The contemptuous speech of Antonio—that he would again call Shylock dog; that he would spit on him again; that he would spurn him too—was the poetical justification of Shylock's rigour. Did they not often witness the same spirit in real life, in their London of the nineteenth century, when the exquisite of the West-end came, in his hour of need, to the bill-discounter of the East, and was made to feel the power of him whom he was wont to laugh at as "a mere city snob?" But "The Merchant of Venice," whilst reflecting the antithesis between law and mercy and the enmity between the medieval Christian and Jew, reflected something more intensely national and English. It represented the vicissitudes of such frequent occurrence in all commercial communities, and the paramount necessity—the first bond of all such communities—of fulfilling the obligations into which their members might choose to enter. From this point of view the poem might claim to be considered as the most thoroughly national of Shakspeare's dramas; for the true greatness of their country had its source not in mere material appliances and means, not in whistling looms or clanking engines

or rushing cars, nor even from the historic valour of England's hosts, nor from all the thunders of her world-encircling fleet, but from that confidence between man and man, whose collective result was a public faith inviolate—a faith of such unchallenged power, that, as it had been grandly said by Chalmers, "the most timid and the most doubting in distant lands might lay his head on the pillow in the assurance that his wealth was safe if only guaranteed and guarded by British honour."

A fatal accident happened at Dublin to Edward Platt, a clown. According to the evidence at the inquest, on the 23rd ult. the performances at the circus were for the benefit of the deceased, who announced his intention of performing on the occasion an unusual and extraordinary feat. This consisted in jumping from the gallery of the Music Hall to the centre of the circus, a height of about 22 feet, and turning three summersaults in the air during his descent. On the night of the 23rd inst., when the time fixed for the announced performance arrived, the deceased got up into the gallery. A large quilt for the purpose of receiving him was held by twelve men in the circus, and beneath the quilt, on the ground, was placed a mattress. The deceased then sprang from the place where he had been standing, but instead of turning three times in the air, and alighting upon his feet, he only turned two and a half times. The consequence was that he came down on the quilt on his head, which then struck violently against the mattress. He did not move after the fall, and a great number of the audience became so shocked, believing that he had been killed, that they withdrew. The deceased was conveyed away, and died about 12 o'clock on Friday night last.

M. Calzado, the manager of the Italian Theatre, Paris, bought an action against M. Mario to compel him to perform the part of the Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto*, or pay 12,000 francs damages for each night of refusal. On the part of M. Mario, it was stated that throughout his long career he had made a rule of avoiding discussions with managers, and of displaying zeal and devotedness in the discharge of his duties; and he begged the court to believe that he had not raised the present difficulty from caprice or vanity. The language of the agreement clearly prevented the manager from imposing on him a part which he might not want to play. He did not, however, mean by that that the manager was to ask him every day if he would sing in such or such a character, but merely to come to an understanding with him at the beginning of the season as to the parts in which he was to be required to appear. That course was necessary, inasmuch as his voice and strength were not the same as they had been twenty years ago; and parts which he played then were no longer suitable to his personal appearance. Thus, on that account, he had refused to sing in the *Puritani*. There was another consideration; Graziani had at the beginning of the season been designated for the part of the Duke of Mantua, and Mario would not be acting like a good colleague to deprive him of it. Moreover the nature of Mme. Frezzolini's voice was such, that in order to sing with her he would be obliged to raise his voice half a tone, which he did not want to do. The tribunal decided that the terms of the agreement between Mario and Calzado could not be so interpreted as to give the actor the power of refusing to sing his regular parts in old operas; and that consequently he must appear in the Duke of Mantua on Sunday, and on any other days the director might require, under pain of paying 6000 francs for each refusal. It condemned him, likewise, to pay all the costs.

THE THEATRES.

ASTLEY'S Royal Amphitheatre, or, as it was styled for some time, "Europe's National (!) Theatre," used to be a place the name of which made every boy's heart leap to think of the horse feats performed at that most equine of institutions. It may be doubted if this is the case now. We, of course, have long lost the eager flutter that every sprightly youth feels when he is about to be taken to the play; but it can hardly be excited in any bosom, however fresh to pleasure, by the extremely wordy dramas now indulged in at this hippodrome. How it has happened that that which began in the most violent of all action, horse exercise, and was continued for years with only such dialogue as might help the spectator to some knowledge of Billy Button's Ride to Brentford, or Johnny Gilpin's Adventures on the Road to Edmonton, can have fallen into the long, dreary, and wearisome talk that lasted from seven to half-past ten on the production of the new drama, "written expressly for this establishment," and named *Life in the East, or the Fugitives of the Sepoy Rebellion*, it is not easy to imagine. But the stage performance undoubtedly has sunk to be a wilderness of babble and of interminable clack; and we are only thankful the quadrupeds cannot talk, or we should be overwhelmed in a drift of words.

This is really to be lamented; for Astley's Amphitheatre is an institution we can by no means afford to part with in these days of bodily inactivity and mental feverishness. Although it is not desirable that our sons should be entirely educated in the

stable, or become nothing but athletes, yet the physical portion of our nature has been too much put aside by the pedagogue and the printer. The march of mind has prevented the march of body, and we have neither the healthy physique nor famous animal spirits of our forefathers. We have not only got off the great horse, but we have left the lumber bowls, and billiards is with thousands the strongest exercise they take. The regular sporting world is, of course, to be excepted; but that is now an expensive region, totally beyond the reach of the mob of prudent youths. To have, therefore, a place where agility, dexterity, and daring could be exhibited was not only pleasing as an entertainment, but exciting as an example. It is by no means a base or degenerate feeling that creates a glow as a pretty girl, the very reality of lightness and natural elegance, is whirled round the ring and performs with unerring exactness her daring feats. It is also healthy exhilaration that takes possession of us when we see the lithe active leapers and riders show us the perfection of human motion. The extent to which this theatre carries such gymnastic exercises is perfectly healthy; and we need not fear that by encouraging and frequenting it we shall sink to the monstrosities of the ancient gladiatorial exhibitions, or to the modern brutalities of the bull fights.

It would be injustice to the very clever family of the Cookes to deny that in a certain degree they maintain the celebrity of the Cirque. Mr. Wm. Cooke, jun. (whose late severe accident has been universally lamented) is a very elegant and skilful rider. His little brother Alfred is also a worthy scion of this great horse-riding family; and Mr. William Cooke, the lessee, is of the *haute* school, and possesses all the traditions of the old *ménage*. Other names also still adorn the circle, and remind one of its former glories. Mr. Rannels is a horse Risley; Mlle. Fleurette represents the fairies; and Mme. Blance is accounted one of England's best horsewomen. It is not therefore so much to the Circle and its scenes, as to the representations on the stage, that we object.

Here there should be a speedy and thorough reform; and we should advise the lessee to associate himself with some first-rate theatrical manager, such as Mr. Webster, or even Mr. Kean or Mr. Phelps. And let it not be supposed that these really excellent actors and managers would be degraded by any such occupation; for the resources of this theatre are such as might be turned to admirable account. Without any pedantry, the dramatic performances might be polytechnic, and give a true idea of many interesting proceedings in the art of war. At present a fort is represented by an embankment of boards two feet high, with three immovable guns. A siege is carried on by a dozen galloping horsemen, mounted on the tamest steeds, who generally come careering through a gateway, and go off O. P., reappearing forthwith on a sort of second story, where they always seem to be in the act of flight; though, if ever so hotly pursued, they make strange exulting motions in the centre of the platform.

It doubtless must be granted that a horse, from his make, must be limited in action; and we believe he has been developed to the utmost. That he will prance on his hind legs to music, lie down and appear to die, let off a pistol by pulling a handkerchief with his mouth, we have all seen; and Bankes's celebrated horse in James the First's time did all this, and no more. It is not, therefore, in this eccentric development of the noble animal that anything further is to be done in the horse-drama. The aim must now be to use him judiciously—to bring him into the pictures, to show him in processions, to let him play his rightful part in the dramas that illustrate life in the middle ages, when few men were ever long out of the company of a horse or a dog.

The actual reproduction of anything in a drama with truth, and applied with skill, is always very interesting. How taking are the complete interiors that Madame Vestris introduced, and which Mr. Planché so cleverly wrote to. How admirable were the mechanical contrivances in Mr. Macready's management; and how excellently have Mr. Phelps and Mr. Kean improved on these examples. In the siege of Anvers both have studied the realities of the place; and the imagination is kindled, and not violated, by the excellent notion they give of the masses of stone tumbling before the battering-rams, and of the skirmishes in the *arenas*, the climbing up by the *banquettes*, the assaults as they advance in the *bastions*. They have taken care to show in due proportion even the little paths between the ditch and the parapets, called *Berne*; and they not only let us see an actual draw-bridge, but we hear the chains rattling as it is lowered; and in the same method the portcullis slowly opens its ponderous and iron jaws to admit the herald or the conqueror.

There have been doubts whether these details are necessary in the high passionate and poetical drama; but it is quite certain they are very effective in the drama of realities, and always attract and enchain attention. Let us only imagine an incident in the siege of Sebastopol thoroughly illustrated—it might be to the actuality—and we will undertake to say that such a scene would move the enthusiasm of a modern audience more than the timely entrance of the usual British Tar, who comes in, sabre in hand, fighting six Russians, who most conveniently restrain

their blows until their turn of the tick-tack contest comes.

A genuine illustration of any portion of the late exciting scenes in India thoroughly and minutely got up, a true picture of such a life, would draw the whole town. As it is, the present dull caricature (and not even that, for there is scarcely a pretence at realisation) becomes a wearying bore. We can no longer escape from ennui by laughing at the absurdities, when we hear a letter signed "Yours truly, Lady Sale;" or find Menzikoff talking in after-dinner style of the bravery of English troops. The pert serving maid, the interesting bride, the distressed father, the daring lover, the remorseless tyrant, the Cockney out of his latitude, and the ever fighting, drinking, and bragging old English sailor, have had quite their sufficient time, and the sooner their endless and extraordinary talk are got rid of, the better: were a drama illustrative of some truth or reality supplied, the more thankful the town would be. One great workshop of theatrical illustration is about to break up—the Princess's; and if the workers and inventors of that theatre could be carried, with a really clever dramatist and a suggestive manager, over to Astley's, they would find a wide and admirable field for their talents. They might open up a new kind of drama, which might be called the Technical; and they would produce effects both with man and horse that would shame even the Parisian managers at the Théâtre Historique. If something of this kind be not done, all the excellent alterations lately made in the audience portion will be ineffective; but only let as thorough a reform proceed on the stage, and we shall have in Astley's again an intelligent and intelligible theatre, the first of its class. In fact, what is wanted is a Shakespeare of the horse-drama who shall give a life and interest to it, as the great dramatist did to the drama of passion and poetry—completely and entirely re-creating it.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE annual meeting of the Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge will be held (in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 2nd of February 1859. Remembering how vitally important the success of this measure is to the progress of the press, we trust that the friends of the movement will not prove laggards.

Mr. Cyrus Redding has nearly ready for the press a life of his old friend Campbell the poet, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. George Harrison, of the Leeds Young Men's Christian Institute, and Mr. George Best, of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, who distinguished themselves at the examinations held by the Society of Arts in May last, and who had been nominated by the council to compete for supernumerary surveyorships of taxes, have obtained appointments, being placed first and second respectively in the list of successful candidates. There were on this occasion five vacancies and fifteen selected competitors, two nominations having been placed by Lord Derby at the disposal of the Council of the Society of Arts.

We understand that Mr. Alfred Bate Richards is about to give courses of lectures in Ireland, with a view to stimulate the commercial enterprise of the sister country in several directions of external trade. We know no one more competent to the task, or equally able to make it one of pleasure and profit to his audience.

Lord Brougham has arrived at Paris. He attended at the Institute on Saturday, when some scientific papers were read.

Mr. G. G. Scott (whose design for the new Foreign Office has been selected by Government) is the grandson of the Rev. Mr. Scott, the commentator, the friend of Newton and Cowper, and the author of that remarkable piece of autobiography the "Force of Truth."

Among the literary announcements by Mr. Bentley are three books of great and curious interest, affording entertainment of a very racy sort. Lady Morgan at last presents us with passages from her autobiography, and photographs for us all the celebrities of her time; among others the Duchesses of Devonshire, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Cork, Humboldt, Cuvier, Lafayette, &c., some of whose letters give additional attraction to this welcome volume. Another book of startling interest is a diary kept during the great French Revolution by that well-known and exquisitely beautiful woman, Mrs. Dalrymple Elliot, now first printed from the original manuscript, written at the desire of his Majesty George III. This very extraordinary book is embellished by engravings of the authoress, of her daughter, as well as of the Duke of Orleans, from original pictures by Conway, Gainsborough, &c. It may be well to add that some very curious disclosures arise out of this very piquant book. The other book is the last journals of the far-famed Horace Walpole, now first published from the original MSS., just as they were written, with the fresh details of all the secret proceedings of the Court and with anecdotes of all the political and literary characters of the time. This will form the last bequest of this unrivalled wit, and will be found to be rich in all those curious and

entertaining anecdotes which were not attainable by the writers of his time.

Apocryphal of the Thackeray v. Yates quarrel, the correspondent of a contemporary gives the following interesting facts respecting the quarrel between the late Lord Jeffrey and Mr. Scott, and the death of the latter:—"I believe that the memory of Jeffrey is unsullied by bloodshed in a duel; at all events, he was guiltless of Mr. Scott's life. Mr. Scott's quarrel was with Mr. Lockhart originally; but it was not by Lockhart's hand that the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* fell. The facts, I believe, were these. Lockhart wrote, or was supposed to have written, certain strong articles in "Blackwood," inveighing against the men clubbed together by Wilson and Lockhart under the designation of Cockneys, Leigh Hunt, &c. Scott wrote sharp rejoinders in his magazine. Lockhart came up to London to challenge Scott. Scott was not indisposed to fight; but his friends threatened him, on the double ground that if Lockhart had written the articles referred to he was—they were so scurrilous—beyond the pale of honour; and that, if he had not written them, there was no quarrel with him. Lockhart went back, with his pistol case unopened. His "friend" had been Mr. Christie, a Scotch advocate and an English barrister. He continued to goad Mr. Scott, and accuse him of cowardice. This led to a quarrel between these two; there was a challenge; they met at Chalk Farm, and Scott fell, shot through the heart. Neither on the memory of Jeffrey, nor of Lockhart, as is commonly believed, does this blood lie. These facts were often narrated to me by my father. One of his most intimate friends was the late Rev. Dr. Balmer, of Berwick, who married Mr. Scott's sister. I have no doubt that was the source whence he had this version of the circumstance; hence I think you will admit it may be depended on.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., JOHN M'GILCHRIST."

The sixth lecture of Professor Christmas's course was delivered on Tuesday, the 7th inst., at the house of the Royal Society of Literature, as usual. The Professor commenced with a view of the exhaustion produced in the country by the Wars of the Roses, and the revival, during the comparatively peaceful reign of Edward IV., of commerce and prosperity. He noticed how the death of the famous Earl of Warwick had left a blank which was not likely to be filled up, and that the contest henceforward (that is, from the death of Richard III.) lay, not between the great barons and the Crown, but between the Crown and the people. He then drew a masterly sketch of the character of Henry VII., and pointed out the necessary effect which such a character would have on the aspects of the time—showing on the one hand how the King became rich and powerful, and used his power, while the people also became rich and powerful, and allowed their power to lie in abeyance. The feudal system was shown to be now utterly extinct, and the progress of the kingdom and the people assured; while nevertheless there appeared, even at that time, the little cloud in the horizon, which broke out into so terrible a storm during the reign of Charles I. The subject of the lecture for Tuesday, the 14th instant, will be "The Archiepiscopate of Cranmer," and promises to be highly interesting, from the various topics it will embrace. To begin at 2 p.m.

The *Homeward Mail* gives the following account of a new alphabet for India:—"The Persian running-hand is, as is well known to all Indians, hard to decipher, and by no means such that he that runs may read". Some may think that it is called Shikastah, or 'the broken,' because he that attempts to read it will need the collar of patience and break the strings of perseverance. India was long afflicted with the curse of this inscrutable character, and only grey-bearded munshis, who in learning it had forgotten all else, could penetrate its mysteries. At length time, the great mediciner, produced the decree which swept it, for ever it is to be hoped, from the offices of the Sâhibân 'Alîshân, that is, of the English gentlemen, and from general use. Unfortunately, the same decree substituted a dozen curses for the one defunct, in prescribing the use of the vernacular dialects. Of these the Urdu is the least formidable, being a very mild approach to the terrible Shikastah. The written character of the Hindî, however, compensates amply for all that is gained by the comparative facility of the Urdu. It is called the Kaithî, from the Kayasthas, or writing class, of natives, who use it, and who, if they can read what they write, must be men of extremely subtle parts. The difficulty of the Kaithî, again, is barely equal to that of the written character in the south of India, where the Telugu, Kanarese, and Tamil rejoice in a system of scratches which can be made revolvably obscure. All these, however, must hide their diminished heads before the Mod, or letter character of the Marâthî. This ingenious mode of torment is said to have been invented by one Himar Pant in the end of the eighteenth century, A.D., who, if he was really sensible of the miseries he was about to inflict by it on a large family of mankind, must indeed have been a fiend in human shape. Some ingenious persons with more imagination than etymological truth have supposed the name Mod to come from a word signifying 'an ant,' and to imply that the character is such as if ants, escaping from an inky grave, had run over the paper and blotted and scrawled its fair

surface. But Mor, 'ant,' is a Persian word, and the odious Mod is Marâthî, from a Sanscrit root, which signifies 'to twist or break.' Mod, therefore, in Marâthî, corresponds in sense to Shikastah in Persian, and hopelessly illegible as it is, sinks into utter insignificance in that respect when compared with the Marâwari and Sindhi. Concerning these latter scribblings many strange tales are told, as of a pleasant gentleman who, having received a letter announcing something undecipherable that had happened to his son, went through the ceremony of lamenting for his decease in the morning, and gave a fête in honour of his nuptials at night, not knowing which of the two events had occurred. The above is a very frigid and tame account of some of the difficulties which attend what may be called the Inshâi Har Karan, or general correspondence in India. Now as life, leisure, and vision are all limited, it does seem an utter absurdity to hesitate about the adoption of an easy substitute for the abominable scrawls used by the natives. The English alphabet, properly adapted to express the Indian letters, is that substitute, and to 'Indophilus' is due the gratitude of all parties for recommending it. This is not a question as to the disuse of the Indian languages in business transactions and official proceedings. Such a proposal would be preposterous; but it is simply a suggestion for an alteration which would be as convenient and beneficial to the natives as to ourselves. We are well aware, indeed, of the difficulty attending all such changes; but, in the mean time, we give to the proposal of 'Indophilus' our heartiest good wishes and support."

The London correspondent of the *Bury Times* says: "A perfect razzia, you will have noticed, has been made upon the English press. The complaint of the *Daily News* that one of their telegraphic messages has been stopped has excited great indignation; but this case by no means stands alone. The policeman—for he deserves no better name—who scrutinises the messages at the Paris station has stopped others before this, and will go on to exercise his execrable functions till there is a pressure from this country, which is not unlikely to be forthcoming. When the attempt was made upon the life of the Emperor, the newspaper correspondents had great difficulties to contend with. The ignorant official at the telegraph station, who has a very imperfect knowledge of English, stopped all English messages purporting to give an outline of the event, and would only send them in French, so that this sapient genius might the better see that there was no treason therewith. It is scarcely likely that the British press will long remain quietly in such ignominious chains. I fancy I see the *Times* struggling like a lion in the net in which it now is. Every day their copies are seized and confiscated; the postage money is taken, and the service for which the fee is kept is not rendered. The *Times* circulates rather largely in France (although not so largely as before the repeal of the compulsory stamp), and the managers feel this bitterly. The remarks of their correspondent about the dishonesty of the post-office officials are perhaps a feeler, and I should not be at all surprised if they are acted on. It would be refreshing to see the French officials compelled to send back at their own cost newspapers which they refuse to forward."

The American *Historical Magazine* announces that the first volume of Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, from the earliest accounts to the middle of the nineteenth century, is to be published in a few weeks in Philadelphia and London. It will contain the letters from A. to J., both inclusive, pp. 1005 imperial, double columns. The number of authors whose works are noticed in the first volume is about 17,000, making in the Index about 24,000 names. The number of works recorded, and in very many cases criticised, both favourably and unfavourably, will amount to nearly 150,000; but no accurate computation has been made. The best, because the briefest, description which can be given of the Critical Dictionary is, that it is intended to be that to the literature of the language which a dictionary of words is to the language itself.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has elected the distinguished Jewish Orientalist, M. Munn, to be a member of its *confrérie*. M. Guizot came up from Val Richer expressly to assist at the ceremony.

M. de Lamartine has published a long and eloquent address to his readers in the last number of the *Entretiens*. He denies that that publication is likely to come to a speedy end. Never was the work more dear to him, he says; never more necessary to his existence. "My only patrimony under the sun," he adds, "is my pen." At the end he frankly says to his readers that he in his time has aided them, and that now it is their turn to aid him. M. de Lamartine would seem to have no immediate intention of quitting France.

By a return of the stamps issued to the various Paris journals, it appears that at the present moment the leading organs stand thus in point of daily circulation:—*Le Siècle*, 36,000 per diem; *Le Constitutionnel*, 24,000; *La Presse* (evening), 18,000; *La Patrie* (evening), 14,000; *Les Débats*, 9000; *Courrier de Paris* (evening), 12,000; *La Gazette de France* (even-

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A paper published at Genoa, called *Il Cattolico*, has appeared with a deep black border; the mark of mourning denoting the opening of a Vaudois Church in Genoa!

The illustrious Humboldt is seriously indisposed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"How often, unfortunately, young men, and not seldom older ones, with a dash of poetry in their veins, either real or supposed, try to choose to marry what are called 'intellectual' helpmates; and almost invariably with an unhappy result."—See review of "Sir Humphrey Davy's Remains," CRITIC for Nov. 26th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Although your constant reader, I am not certain whether, with that sublime indifference which characterises the *Times*, you publish in your columns letters presuming to find fault with opinions you have advanced: if you do, spare me space for a few very brief remarks on the above passage. You are, Sir, in general, so fair, so candid, that I feel as if you will not deny me the right to speak a few words in favour of a much-abused class.

Permit me to remind you, in the first place, that, even in these days of education, the proportion of highly-cultivated women being very few, compared to the millions of commonplace ones, those few are more prominently brought before the notice of the world; and the single intellectual woman who makes a bad wife is a thousand times more talked of than all the *Mrs. Caudles* of mediocrity.

It is incompatibility of character, or bad temper and want of judgment, and not the high or low degree of mental cultivation, that is the foundation of most conjugal disputes; and I apprehend that as many vixens could be found in any street in London among ignorant women of all classes in society, as among the unfortunate *blues* whom from time to time you so cruelly bespatter with your editorial ink.

If Sir Humphrey Davy's "intellectual wife" was no comfort to him, I never heard that his brother Dr. Davy's marriage was ineffectual; yet his wife was one of a very intellectual family, the Fletchers. I dare scarcely say that I knew the Fletchers, for they were grown up when I was a child; but my family knew them intimately. Mrs. Fletcher, the mother, was a complete literary woman, though I believe not known as an authoress; but she was a good mother and a good wife. All her daughters were "intellectual women." Mary Fletcher was the author of a little-known but most beautiful novel, "Concealment;" and Mrs. Davy, as I have heard, was as "intellectual" as her mother and sisters were, and a good wife and mother to boot.

I might fill your whole next number, were I to cite the names of women who have been equally eminent for distinguished talents and feminine home virtues as wives and mothers, who have been to their husbands *true helpmates* in every sense of the word. Leaving, therefore, Queen Eleanor, Lady Jane Grey, Lady Rachel Russell, Mme. Dacier, Mme. Roland, and hosts of other women celebrated for their conjugal tenderness, allow me to remind you that in our own day, among living authors, there are a great number of felicitous marriages.

Mrs. Somerville can both write treatises on "the physical sciences" and embroider belts for her daughters. In the best book on education ever written, Harriet Martineau quotes her as an instance "that high mental cultivation does not disqualify a woman for the sphere of womanly duties;" and speaks of her as enjoying and giving the greatest happiness in her home, and as one of the best managers in the world of a small income. And her nieces, who were at school with my sister, spoke of her in the same terms. The Brownings, the Howitts, the Newton Crosslands, and numberless other cases, might be cited to prove that "intellectual women" do not necessarily make bad wives.

Were Shelley and his second wife unhappy, or Andrew Crose, the electrician, and his second wife? The biographies written by these two ladies of their husbands are among the most beautiful compositions in our language; and why? Because both the memoir of Andrew Crose and the biographical notes appended to Mrs. Shelley's editions of her husband's works are the outpourings of the deepest, truest affection and respect for the beloved dead.

There is yet another reason, Sir, why you should make "intellectual women" the *amende honorable*.

Women, unfortunately, must live as well as men. There are such things as husbands and fathers dying and leaving no provision for those dear to them; there are banks that break, and railways (as I know to my sorrow) that pay no dividends. The governess mart is overstocked, and it is annually becoming more difficult to obtain employment, even without remuneration beyond a temporary home, as a teacher, from the great influx of women into that class. There is no opening in England as in foreign countries for women in commerce. We have no great bank directed, as the first in Paris was for many years, by a woman. When our policemen and greengrocers' daughters (and I know many such instances) are educated for governesses, and the market is so overstocked, what are indigent gentlemen to do? Starve? Beg? Steal?

Is it not more honourable to cultivate our minds, and endeavour to turn the abilities we possess to practical use? And because we do so, are we to be flouted at and sneered at as "intellectual women," incapable of properly fulfilling a woman's duties, unworthy of the ties which, after all, constitute a woman's only real felicity?

Believe me, Sir, that "intellectual women" have as deep feelings as others—deeper; for the power of sympathising with others depends a good deal upon mental organisation and the capacity to realise another person's feelings. From my experience of life I should say the *weakest* characters of both sexes are the most difficult to live with. There is not a better adage than "that no one is so difficult to govern as a fool," nor one more true.

Two matrimonial *fracas* between literary men and their wives have lately attracted public attention: I apprehend it was not the wife's "intellectuality" in either case that was the cause of domestic unhappiness. No woman could live with an unprincipled, heartless, ungovernable, violent man. If only the tenth part of what she has published be true, the wife had ample cause for complaint, both before and since her separation, whatever her failings may be; and for the other, I imagine that it is rather a want of intellectual sympathy—a want of power to be her husband's friend, consolator, and adviser—that has caused their conjugal infelicity.

The wisest of men, Solomon, does not hold, Sir, with you; for he says: "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the

foolish plucketh it down with her hands;" and every year that passes over my head, and I am not young, convinces me more that he speaks truly.

It requires sound intellect to manage a house well, to bring up a family judiciously, judiciously to regulate expenditure according to means and position; and on those things by far the greater part of married happiness depends. Believe me, Sir, that it is the clever woman, and not the weak one, who is the most forbearing and the gentlest wife, the wisest and the tenderest mother; and that a really "intellectual woman" knows her proper sphere and place in society and in the world, and finds its duties more than sufficient to exercise all her abilities, and, though she may read books—and even write them when necessitated by circumstances to exert herself—no more desires to lower her husband, or to dispute with him for precedence, than publicly to adopt his costume, and in that attire to ride a steeple-chase.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. MARY.

[The above communication is perhaps somewhat lengthy, and is decidedly very much italicised; yet the feeling apparent throughout is so earnest, and the question is so well reasoned, that we have not had the heart to exclude it. We imagine, however, that, like many other zealous people, "Mary" has made her own giants before knocking them down. The reviewer of the "Life of Sir Humphrey Davy" never said that unhappiness was the inevitable result of marriage with an intellectual woman; on the contrary, he admitted exceptions; and even "Mary," after taking a range between Queen Eleanor and Mrs. Newton Crossland, cannot produce very many examples. As we perceive from the inclosed card that "Mary's" views upon married life are still only based upon theory, will she allow us to express a hope that it will not be long before she will be in a position to give us a more practical view of the matter, and that she may be able to add her own name to the list of clever wives who may succeed in making their husbands happy. —ED. CRITIC.]

OBITUARY.

ISABELLA BEGG *née* BURNS.—The youngest sister of Robert Burns died at her cottage, near Ayr, on Sunday morning last. She was born at Mount Oliphant, near Ayr, on the 29th of June, 1771, and had she lived till her next birthday would have completed her 88th year. She was the seventh child and third daughter of William Burns and Agnes Brown, the members of whose family we may mention in the order of their age—Robert, Gilbert, Agnes, Annabella, William, John, and Isabella. About the year 1794 or 1795 she was married at Mossiel, Mauchline, to John Begg, who was accidentally killed at Lismahagow in 1813, and whom she thus survived for the long period of 45 years. Through interest made with the Government, a pension of 10*l.* was obtained for Mrs. Begg, by the late Mr. Ferguson, of Ralith, M. P. Afterwards, in 1842, by the kind exertions of Mr. Robert Chambers, a sum of 400*l.* was raised by public subscription, part of which was sunk in an annuity for Mrs. Begg, and which dies with her, 160*l.* being reserved for the two daughters. The proceeds of Chambers's life of the poetess which amounted to 200*l.* also fell to the daughters, and the late Sir Robert Peel when in power granted them a pension of 10*l.* each; so that in coming to reside in the neighbourhood of Ayr, the united sums of mother and daughters made up about 73*l.* of annuity.

CARDS for the MILLION.—A Copper-plate Engraved in any style 1*s.* 50 Best Cards (any kind) printed for 1*s.* post free.—ARTHUR GRANGER, Cheap Stationer, 308, High Holborn.

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Richly cut-glass Glass Chandeliers for three lights, £ s. d.
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SPOONS and FORKS.—Silver Pattern
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Table Forks per doz. Best. Second Quality.
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that is to say, as it avoids giving to the wearer an out-of-
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H. J. and D. NICOLL recommend for an
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CLOAK is a combination of utility, elegance, and
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morning wear or for covering full dress would willingly be
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the outer edge, falling in graceful folds from the shoulders, but
by a mechanical contrivance (such being a part of the Patent)
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arms at liberty: at the same time the Cloak can be made as
quickly to resume its original shape. The materials chiefly used
for travelling are the soft neutral-coloured shower-proof
Woolen Cloths manufactured by the firm, but for the prom-
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and a half for each Cloak; but with the Mécanique and a lined
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but only in the front, and thus serves to form hanging sleeves,
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